CIRCULATION..
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TOLEDO BLADE

The Silver Question.
SEE FOURTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

A BROKEN HEART.

'A little china figure
On a little bracket sat,
His little feet were always crossed,
He wore a little hat.
And every morning, fair or foul,
In shine or shadow dim,
A pretty little housemaid came
And softly dusted him.

She took him up so gently,
And with such a charming air,
His china soul is melted quite,
And loved her to despair.
All day he sat and thought of her,
Until the twilight came,
And in his china dreams at night
He breathed her little name.

One day, whilst being dusted,
In his joy he trembled so,
To feel her little fingers, that,
Alas! she let him go.
In vain she tried to grab him back,
Fate willed it they should part;
He fell against the fender edge
And broke his little heart.

She gathered up the fragments,
And she told a little lie,
Expounding to her mistress how
The cat had made him die.
And on the following morning, when
The shutters back she thrust,
She spoke his litle epitaph—
"There's one thing less to dust."
—San Francisco News-Letter.

THE ANGELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty,
There are husbands who are witty,
There are husbands who in public are
as smiling as the morn;
There are husbands who are healthy,
There are famous ones and wealthy,
But the real angelic husband, well—he's
never yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
Who are really so devoted
That whene'er their wives are absent
they are lonesome and forlorn;
And while now and then you'll find one
Who's a really good and kind one,
Yet the real angelic husband—oh, he's
never yet been born.

So the woman who is mated
To a man who may be rated
As "pretty fair" should cherish him for-
ever and a day,
For the real angelic creature,
Perfect, quite, in every feature—
He has never been discovered, and he
won't be, so they say.
—T. B. Aldrich.

SEA SONG.

With sails let fall and sheeted home, and
clear of the ground were we,
We passed the bank, stood round the
light, and sailed away to sea;
The wind was fair and the coast was
clear, and the brig was noways
slow,
For she was built in Baltimore, and
'twas time for us to go.
Time for us to go, Time for us
to go,
For she was built in Baltimore, and
'twas time for us to go.

Oh, yardarm under she did plunge in the
trough of the deep seas,
And her masts they thrashed about like
whips as she bowled before the
breeze,
And every yard did buckle up like a
bending bow,
But her spars were tough as whalebone,
and 'twas time for us to go.
Time for us to go, Time for us
to go,
But her spars were tough as whalebone,
and 'twas time for us to go.
—New York Tribune.

Our Storiette.

WHAT A BREAKFAST DID.

(By B. F., in the New York News.)

"You love her, my son?"

"I do."

"And have told her so?"

"Never in words, mother."

An expression of relief escaped Mrs. Hawley's lips. And putting her hand caressingly on her son's shoulder, she said:

"Herbert, when your brother married, having no daughter of my own, my heart was gladdened with the thought that my boy's wife would fill the vacant place in both heart and home. You know how terribly I was disappointed. Oh! my boy, with this, Albert's dreadful mistake, ever before you, I fear you will do likewise. Louise Delmar is not the girl to make you happy. The petted favorite of such a woman as Mrs. Courtney, her aunt, whose whole life is devoted to fashion, what can you expect of Louise? Promise me you will proceed no further in this matter until you know her better; that is, until you find out she is different from what she seems."

"Oh, mother, how can I ever know her better unless I become something more to her than a mere acquaintance? Do not bind me with such a promise."

"I must. Promise me, my son! Your happiness is my only aim. If she is worthy, you will find it out some time."

"After another man has won her, perhaps," said Herbert gloomily.

"No, I think not. I do not ask you to withdaw entirely from her society; and if you have made a favorable impression on her heart, she will not readily transfer her kindly feeling to another."

Mrs. Hawley won the promise she sought. Poor fellow! the bright hopes which filled his heart were suddenly dashed aside.

He believed Louise thought more favorably of him than any of the other young men who sought her society. He had determined, after speaking to his mother on the subject, to tell his love, and win her promise to be his. So, of course, the interview with his mother, and the result, was a severe disappointment.

A few evenings after, Mrs. Hawley was seated in the parlor with Herbert. Vainly she had endeavored to draw him into conversation. He remained in gloomy silence. And his mother was wishing some one would come in, to make it necessary for him to throw off the depression and exert himself to be a little agreeable, when the door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Mayo."

Tom Mayo was Herbert's chum and class-mate. Mrs. Hawley gladly welcomed his coming. As he acknowledged her cordial greeting, he said:

"My call is especially for you, Mrs. Hawley; to solicit your influence with that obstinate son of yours. I've been pleading with him for a week past to promise he would go home with me to Baltimore and spend the Easter holidays. My sister has written me to bring a couple of friends. She is going to have some of her school-mates, and we expect a very pleasant time. But Herbert insists he cannot. Will you help me?"

Mrs. Hawley was delighted with the prospect, and earnestly joined her efforts with his friend's to induce him to go.

At length they were successful. And the next morning Tom, Herbert and another friend left town for the former's home.

Three days after Mrs. Hawley received a letter from her son, bringing this information:

"On my arrival at Mayo's I received a surprise which would have been a very happy one, had I not been bound by that hard promise. You perhaps, will think it all a concerted plan. But I tell you, and you will believe me, I never dreamed of meeting Louise, when I stood before her in Mrs. Mayo's drawing room.

Notwithstanding the barrier against any further progress in Herbert's wooing, he spent a very pleasant week. New hope was in his heart. In daily intercourse with Louise, his love grew greater. He was convinced life with her would be such as to make him the happiest of mortals.

A proof to him of her worth was that children lingered near and clung about her, while she listened with interest to their prattle, and busied her fingers with little articles for their amusement.

It was the last evening of their stay. Tom and his friend had prolonged the pleasant visit to the last hour. Herbert's business had not been so pressing as the others', and he would gladly have remained longer; but of course he felt bound to return when they did.

It was a terrible night. The rain which had been falling during the afternoon came down in torrents. There was no prospect of anything better in the morning. Nevertheless they must leave on the early train.

Herbert had accompanied Tom down to the basement, in a hunt for sundry rubber coats and overshoes. They were about to enter the kitchen to make inquiries of Bridget, when a wail as of the greatest grief and despair escaped that worthy's lips. Herbert started back with a look of much anxiety. Tom whispered:

"Nothing of much consequence. Something has gone wrong with her. Stand back a little and be quiet; we shall soon know the trouble."

And soon it was as Tom had predicted. Bridget groaned forth:

"Tin o'clock! Oh! bad luck to him! an' he'll not come to-night! An' it's Bridget O'Grady's ripitation as a cook, all to be ruined by a baste of a butcher boy!"

Just then the listeners' attention was directed from Bridget by the sound of light footsteps coming down the stairs. Further back into the shade they drew, as the kitchen door opened, and they heard the pleasant voice of Miss Delmar asking:

"Can I have some hot water, Bridget?"

Bridget immediately poured out her grief to Louise, who at once undertook to help get some breakfast which should sustain the reputation of the kitchen, out of the scanty materials on hand, and ended by saying:

"We will give the gentlemen a very nice breakfast, Bridget."

"It strikes me, Tom, we are learning some secrets in the culinary art in a rather questionable way. I think we had better retire," said Herbert.

The next morning when Herbert entered the dining room, he felt a little curiosity to see the result of Miss Delmar's debut in Bridget's domain.

As he had hoped, the object of his thoughts that morning, and dreams the night before, was waiting at the table to preside at the breakfast, which, to Herbert's mind, was the most delightful in his life.

Louise was charming in her simple morning toilet. Bridget was the picture of good humor. And how could she be otherwise? The breakfast was a perfect success. The fragrant coffee, the rice cakes, so light and crisp; an omelet beautiful to look at, and delicious to the taste; a dish of delicate and tempting looking little articles, which the young gentlemen seemed to relish very highly. Louise called them wonders, and Herbert was sure they were the result of Bridget's attack on the much abused ham bone.

None of the ladies of the family were present to say good bye. The parting words were given the night before.

The time for leaving came. It was a severe trial for Herbert, to go without whispering a word of tenderness. There was such a wistful earnestness in his eyes, as they lingered so long gazing into hers, that Louise knew he loved her, and wondered why he did not tell her so. In the hall the young gentlemen called Bridget to thank her for the very nice breakfast she had given them at such a very unseasonable hour.

Bridget, looking at the notes that were placed in her hands, hesitated a moment and then exclaimed:

"Yes, it's your dollars I'll take, for she's not wantin' for them; an' thank ye. But its the riputation and credit that Bridget O'Grady will take from no one. The breakfast was none of me doin'. Miss Louise it was; an' all out of a ham bone and a bit of nothin', she made the elegant breakfast. It's a jewel she is! Sure, an' it's a lucky man that gets her, it is!"

Herbert's heart fully responded to Bridget's praises.

Immediately after his arrival home, he gave his mother a full account of his visit. But I think most likely she made full allowance for a lover's enthusiasm.

That evening, after business, Tom called.

Hunting for something in his pocket, he drew forth a letter, and said:

"There! I declare, this is too bad! I promised Miss Delmar to deliver this to-night. I forgot all about it. It's too late now, and it is fully a mile from here!"

"To Mrs. Courtney's?" asked Herbert.

"Oh, no. Mrs. Agatha Foster's, Fiftieth street"

"The name is very familiar," said Mrs. Hawley. "Ah, I remember; I knew her several years ago. Once, I have heard, she was in very comfortable circumstances; but meeting with sad reverses, she became housekeeper in the Courtney family."

A bright thought came to Mrs. Hawley then. From Mrs. Foster she could learn all about Miss Delmar.

"Mr. Mayo," she said, "if you have no objection, I will deliver this letter to-morrow morning. It is many years since I met Mrs. Foster, and I should like to renew the acquaintance."

Tom acquiesced. Herbert's eyes sought his mother's. Instantly he knew the object of the visit.

The next morning found Mrs. Hawley in the humble home of Miss Delmar's friend. The old lady delighted in talking of Louise. She brought forth numerous articles of comfort, the work of her favorite.

"You know her in the fashionable world; I in the humble home. With her high position, beauty, grace and accomplishments, she will likely make a brilliant match. But I often think what a blessing she would be to be a poor man."

When Mrs. Hawley returned to Herbert, she smilingly said:

"Mrs. Foster is not an impartial judge, for she is as much in love with Miss Delmar as you. But I give you back your promise, Herbert; win her if you can!"

Herbert hastened to make up for lost time, and so, under plea of pressing business, he again visited Baltimore.

Much surprised was Louise when, less than a week after parting with him, the servant handed her his card.

An hour after, he was happy. He had told his love, and won her promise to be his.

Mrs. Hawley was a just woman. She fully acknowledged her error in pronouncing Louise unfitted for domestic happiness. And ever after declared, "Herbert's wife is a real treasure."

Didn't Want the Job.

Applicant—I'd like to get employment here.

Business Man—Weill, you can have it. We want a collector.

Applicant—A man to go around and collect bills?

B. M.—Yes.

Applicant—I'm much obliged, but I don't think I want it. I've been an attendant in a hospital for the last year, and I guess I'll wait till times get better before I take hold of that kind of a job.
—Detroit Free Press.

An Effective Substitute.

Mr. Dinwiddie—I read to-day about a man 99 years of age who never wore eyeglasses in his life.

Mrs. Dinwiddie—How very wonderful! Mr. Dinwiddie—Not so very wonderful, either. He wears spectacles.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Little Love Notes.

What care I for the wrath expressed
In these, my lady's eyes?
One day the sun sinks down the West,
The next beholds him rise.
—Frank L. Stanton.

More Enjoyable.

Money would be more enjoyable if it took people as long to earn it as it does to earn it.—The Ecc

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

HOW THE EASTER LILY CAN BE PRESERVED FOR YEARS.

When Through Flowering It Should be Planted Outside—Can be Forced to Blossom From Christmas to July.

The beautiful and sweet smelling Easter lily, or, botanically speaking, Lilium Harrsii, is what is claiming the attention of the housewife just at the present, and the majority of them are putting their heads together to find out what should be done to preserve the plant after it has finished blooming.

If properly attended to the lily can be kept for a number of years, coming out with all its glorious blossoms each succeeding spring.

The plant is a native of Japan,

EASTER LILY.

but is now grown to a great extent in Bermuda, whence they are shipped by large numbers to all countries for forcing purposes. When the florists receive the bulbs in the fall of the year they are planted in pots and put outside in a cool frame until the pots are filled with roots. They then commence to grow and are taken inside the greenhouses to force them.

It is a common, in fact, the prevailing impression, that this lily flowers only at Easter time, but they can be made to blossom at Christmas and keep right on to July. To get the plants to flower this length of time, however, requires procuring new bulbs from Bermuda every year.

To cultivate the Easter lily is an easy thing. It needs to be well fed—that is, fertilized with cow deposit and kept well watered. When in blossom it should not be allowed to become dry.

When the buds begin to open the plant should be kept in a cool, shaded place, and after it has finished flowering it should be planted in the yard. It will blossom every year if looked after.

It should be taken from the yard in the fall of the year, after the bulb has ripened and when all the foliage is dead. When this is noticed the plant should be cut down to the bulb. Do not lift it right away, but leave it in the ground for two weeks more, and

SPIREA JAPONICA.

then take it out and pot. Keep it in a cool place till the pot is filled with root, and then place it where the temperature is between sixty and seventy degrees, and keep it there until the plant is ready to flower.

After the bulb has become ripened and placed in the pot it should be kept in dry earth for about a month, giving it a season of rest. If it is watered as soon as potted it will cause growth too early, and a frail plant without blossoms will be the result.

The only insects that bother the Easter lily is the green fly. This can be removed by syringing the plant with plain water. Rich soil is required to grow the lily properly.

Another pretty plant that is in great demand for home ornamentation is the Spirea Japonica, and its white feathery blossoms can be seen in many windows of houses just now.

When the Spirea is in flower it should be kept in a temperature of between sixty and seventy degrees all the time. It requires watering morning and night and should never be allowed to become dry or the tips of the foliage will turn black and disfigure the plant. When growing the plant should be kept in the sun, but when it begins to flower, should be placed in the shade to keep the flowers from withering.

It is time to place the Spirea outside and plant it when the blossoms have ceased, and it should be taken up again during the month of November. The plant dies down itself, and when it looks apparently dead, you know that it is time to take it up and pot it. The bulb should be kept in dry earth for about a month, and kept cool until the pot is filled with root. Then it should be placed in a warm temperature and kept well watered to assist its growth. Its treatment is similar to that of the lily, and can be forced to flower early like that plant.

A Blame Mean Thing.

"It was des disaway," explained Rastus. "I had done had it in fer dat little nigger man fo' some time, an' I des been layin' fer de time when I could ketch him widout no razzer, case he's a bad man wid a razzer, an' dat ain't no lie. Sat'dy he meets him on de big road, wiv a fiddle in his han'. 'Look heah, Sam,' says I, right nice, 'kin yo' len' me yo' razzer? I ain't got no razzer,' says he. 'Sho!' says I. 'Sho,' says he. 'Don,' says I, 'yo time am come. I'se gwine to beat yo twell you hide comes loose.' 'Doan come nigh me, niggah,' he say, 'er I hit wid dis fiddle.' 'What I care fo' yo ole fiddle?' I say, an' I staht fo' dat nigger an' he hit me a blip on de naik wid his little ale fiddle an' I doan know nuffin fo' sebn houahs."

"What?" shouted Ephraim. "Yo' doan' mean to tell me dat hittin' yo' wid nuffin' but a fiddle lay you out like dat?"

"Mah," said Rastus, "dat nigger was fixed. He had dat ole fiddle filled with sand."—Indianapolis Journal.

No Brighter.

It never makes the day any brighter to find fault with the sun.—Cleveland Press.

MERMAIDS MAY INHABIT BOSTON.

Coast of New England Sinking at the Rate of Two Feet a Century.

In conversation with Lieut. Ripley yesterday, a Boston Herald reporter was put in possession of some very interesting facts regarding the Massachusetts coast.

According to Mr. Ripley, the coast of this state is sinking, or rather the water is raising, at the rate of about two feet a century.

"In looking up soundings hereabouts a couple of years ago," said he, "I found more water than existing charts indicated. In sounding off Boston ledge and in the vicinity of the Graves and other places, I found a greater depth than had hitherto been found, and so marked was this discrepancy that afterward, when my reports went to Washington, they sent me back to go over certain spots again and to try to find less water than I had.

"I did so, but invariably verified my previous soundings. Where a least depth of 30 feet, for instance, was expected, I could not find less than 32, and so on. Along the north shore last summer I invariably found more water on ledges, etc., than the old charts called for.

"The last survey of the north shore was made somewhere about 1801 or 1802 by Capt. Nathenial Bowditch, the famous navigator, who made the first authentic, accurate survey of that region. There is no doubt that he got correct soundings, for he was a scientist, as well as a practical seaman. I found uniformly about two feet more water than he did. On Gale's ledge, off Manchester, Bowditch gives four feet. I found six feet. There is an old record of a sounding made on this spot about 1700, which shows only two feet.

"Last summer while we were in Salem, Prof. John H. Sears, curator of mineralogy and geology at the Peabody Academy of Science, asked me about these ledges. He said that he had a theory, shared by other scientists, that the coast was slowly sinking. This theory was supported by the evidence of fossils and old stumps of trees which could not have grown beneath the water line, yet were now there. Old inhabitants of the neighborhood, too, freely said that they had observed encroachments of the sea, particularly upon certain roads along the shore, which they could not now pursue in places owing to the advance of the water.

"Prof. Sears had estimated the sinking at about two feet a century, and my own observations strikingly confirm the accuracy of his estimate.

"From my own personal knowledge this recession of the shore extends from Scituate to Glucester. That much I know, and it may be more extensive."

There is a curious story told relative to the investigations of Prof. Sears. It seems that there was a time-honored custom with the old Marblehead seamen, when going to sea, in passing Half Way Rock, about one and one-quarter miles N. N. E. of Marblehead Light, to throw a piece of coin on the rock, having a superstition that this offering would in sure a favorable voyage. Upon returning, if they had been favorable, they would make a similar contribution. This old legend was not generally believed until Prof. Sears, one smooth day, found, in the tabling around the rock below the water line, some pieces of money, some incrusted in the ledge and others tangled in the seaweed. He pursued the hunt, and for one day's work he extracted a large amount of coin, some $40 in all.

IT WAS ALL THE CLERK'S FAULT.

Otherwise the Lambkins Would Have Spent a Quiet Evening.

"I don't see why we can't go to the opera like other people," pouted Mrs. Lambkin, as she and her spouse were walking home together. "We could, I'm sure, if you didn't look upon Wagner as a mortal enemy."

"My only objection to him is the fact that he sends you to sleep and then won't let you stay there," replied Mr. Lambkin. Then, basely anxious to change the subject, he remarked: "I do believe that is Mrs. Fitzjones in another new gown."

"No doubt. Her husband is so generous to her. Why, she tells me that they were at the opera last evening, and expect to go again to-morrow."

"Indeed. Ah, by the way, didn't you tell me that you thought Dick Norocks and Miss Effie had quarreled?"

"Very likely. I notice that Dick is particularly touchy whenever grand opera is in town."

"Ah, indeed. By the way, how should you like to call at your mother's this evening?"

"Very much, if anybody was likely to be at home. But of course they will go to the opera."

"Um—ah! I've just remembered that this is church evening. Suppose we go. We haven't been to evening church since we were first married."

"Impossible, George. I should be ashamed to have any one know I was well enough to be out after night and not at the opera. People would be sure to say that you are stingy, and I would rather die than cause such remarks."

"Fact is, Eudora, I'm as anxious as you are to go to the opera, but money is too tight. I had to make a payment to-day and I doubt if I have a dollar in my pocket. Never mind, we can have a nice long evening at home alone, can't we?"

"Humph! We are sure to be alone, for every living soul we know will be at the opera."

"All the better my dear. Just step in here with me a moment, will you? I have no cigars, and I don't want to have to go out for anything to-night. You see, I don't keep many cigars on hand now that money is so scarce."

They went into the store, and Mr. Lambkin selected his cigars while his wife stood by. He felt anxiously in his pockets for small change, and finding none took a bill out of his notebook, and, glancing warily at Mrs. Lambkin, handed it, all crumpled up, to the clerk. After all that, it did seem the irony of fate which made the individual call out in stentorian tones to the cashier: "Twenty-five from twenty, please."

And Mrs. Lambkin was still talking about it when they reached home, says the Chicago Herald.

Hereditary Needles.

Needles have never been supposed to be hereditary, but a recent case reported by a physician of eminence offers undoubted evidence to the contrary. A lady accidentally ran a needle into her foot thirty years ago, and it lay apparently dormant in her system for so many years that its existence was almost forgotten.

In 1865 she was married, and a year after the birth of her infant daughter the needle made its appearance in the infant's shoulder. There could be no doubt that she was the original needle by which the mother had been attacked in 1860, for it was of a peculiar and now obsolete pattern, and the mother distinctly remembered the needles of that pattern were in use at the time of her attack.

There can be no doubt that the infant inherited the needle from her mother, and that henceforth physicians will expect to find a natural tendency to needles in the tissues.

As it is asserted that people have died from needles, although there are very few such cases on record, the insurance companies will doubtless add to the questions which they put to candidates for insurance: "Did your father or mother ever swallow needles, and if so, how many and of what kind—sewing, darning or carpet?"—Pearson's Weekly.

Her Superior Wisdom.

"I tell you," said Mr. Meekton, "women are getting mighty smart nowadays."

"What makes you think so?"

"The fashion magazines my wife subscribes to. She understands every word of it."

"Can't you?"

"No, I can't even look at the pictures intelligently. I can't tell sleeves from bloomers."—Washington Star.

Promising.

"Is the outlook for the future very promising?"

"I judge so," answered the merchant, "from the reports of my collectors."—Atlanta Constitution.

Frozen Meat.

There are now 30 ships engaged in the business of carrying frozen meat to England. They have a capacity of 2,500,000 carcasses.—Baltimore News.

THE STRANGE FATE OF THE COUNTESS CHERICI

BY GRANT ALLEN.

CONCLUDED.

Her strangeness alarmed me. She was indeed a Sibyl. I went on painting in silence and made fine play of light with the waxy white flowers in her lustrous dark tresses. They suited her admirably. But before I had finished they were beginning to fade. When it was time to stop, Fede gazed at the picture with regretful eyes. "You haven't painted in all the tuberoses yet," she said with a sigh. "That's a pity, isn't it? You'll want some more like them for to-morrow, I'm afraid—and it's such a shame to waste them."

"I could waste dozens on you, Fede," I cried, holding her hand in my own for a second at parting.

She let it lie there for a while irresolute; then she withdrew it hurriedly.

"Well, good-bye," she said in tremulous tones. "How many more sittings will it take you to finish the study?"

"Only three," I answered; "and I will be sorry when it's finished."

"Only three?" she echoed. "Well, I'm glad of that. For the sooner it's over now the better."

"Why on earth do you say that, Fede?" I cried, leaning forward. The scent of the tuberoses almost overpowered me.

She sighed and drew back. "Because—we're both getting too fond of one another," she answered frankly.

"And why shouldn't we, cara donna?"

"Oh, you don't understand," she replied, hiding her face in her hands. "You could never understand it. But don't talk to me any more. If you try to speak of love to me, believe me it will kill me."

She looked up at me with infinite pleading in her startled dark eyes.

I said no more, though her attitude puzzled me. She went away that morning, leaving the tuberoses behind her on the table. My eye happened to fall on them. It struck me even then they were strangely withered. Next day Fede came again, weirdly beautiful as ever, and again I made her wear the same sort of flowers. Once more she gazed compassionately at the pure white bells. I noticed after half an hour they had faded in her hair. The circumstance surprised me, but I attached no importance to it. I painted all that day with the window wide open. It was a sunny spring morning. The light played gloriously on the clustered domes of the city. As I was working at her head a butterfly sailed in from the garden outside and poised lightly on the flowers. It was a beautiful accident. "Don't disturb it!" I cried, holding up one warning hand. "It's just the very thing we want on your hair to complete the picture. It looks so antique and Psyche-like and mystical."

Fede held her head motionless. "Poor thing," she said, with profound compassion in her tone. "What a pity to—and yet—caro signor, if you wish it!"

I painted the insect rapidly, as it poised there on the blossoms with half-folded wings, lest it should spread its filmy vans and fly away before I had finished. Fede noticed my haste. "You needn't hurry, dear friend," she said, with an effort; "it won't move now."

I wondered how she knew; but in effect she was right. The butterfly remained motionless, as if glued to the spot, with wings lightly poised, till I had completed its portrait. Then I brushed it away with my hand. To my intense surprise the creature never moved nor seemed to notice me. Could Fede have bewitched it? I remembered what Mrs. Barton had told me of the family legend. A strange and very unwonted sense of the supernatural overcame me for a second. Leaning forward I took the pretty insect in my hands, lifted the scale-clad wings between my fingers gingerly. It was quite, quite dead. The wave of supernatural fear that had swept over me momentarily was altogether groundless. I saw it all now. The butterfly must have sailed in through the window in a moribund state, no doubt, and lighted on the first object it saw to die there quickly. But Fede regarded it with a terrified look, strangely compounded of familiarity, awe and shrinking timidity. She lifted the dead wings in her hand. "Poor thing!" she said; at least you have immortalized it. But what a pity it should die, when it could enjoy its life so much flitting airily about in the pure, bright sunshine!"

After she had gone that morning, Cecca, Mrs. Barton's Florentine housemaid, came in with a broom and began sweeping the floor up.

"What are you clearing away, Cecca?" I asked in a careless tone, as I washed and arranged my brushes.

"Flies," answered Cecca, chuckling, with a curiously restrained air.

I looked down on the ground and saw at once she was right. The parquetry under foot was strewn with dead flies by the dozen.

"How came they here?" I asked with languid interest.

Cecca's old wrinkled face screwed itself slowly up into an inscrutable smile.

"Better ask the Contessa," she answered with a mumbling laugh. "They're here every morning."

And that was all I could get out of her about the flies on the floor there. Next day was to have been the last of Fede's sittings. But somehow I wasted so much time in conversation in the course of the morning and did so little painting, that I didn't finish my study for the big picture, as I had expected, and was forced to ask her for still another day of it. The delay happened in this way: I was growing really very fond of Fede; but her manners were so mysterious and she held me off so much that I was quite afraid to make actual love to her. I fancied there might perhaps be some obstacle in the way, some unacknowledged love, some forbidden lover. So I ventured that same night to ask Mrs. Bonverie Barton into my confidence, and to ask her whether she knew any just cause or impediment why I should not propose in due form to Fede.

"Oh, dear, no," Mrs. Barton answered from her society point of view. "I'm sure nothing would please her dear mother better. The Contessa would give her eyes to see Fede married to a respectable young Englishman; she has often said to me they're so much more to be counted upon as husbands than Italians. These Florentine are so irregular—so shockingly irregular! And to tell you the truth"—she dropped her voice to a confidential key—"when Fede began sitting to you, the Contessa asked me a great many questions as to your position and prospects, and was quite happy when I told her you were a young man of means to whom art was rather a pastime than a profession."

"Her mother!" I echoed. "Oh, yes; I dare say it would suit her mother excellently. But Fede herself? that's the question. What do you think about Fede? She often seems to me so strangely moody."

Mrs. Barton reflected. "Well, the Contessa has sometimes complained to me," she answered with half-closed eyes, that there was no use getting good introductions for Fede. She says the poor child has such fads and vapors—seems deliberately to have made up her mind (I may) to die an old maid. For she vows she would never marry any man unless she loved him; and the more she loves him, the less able, it appears, would she be to marry him. Hysterical, very!"

"That's just how she impressed me," I answered. "There's something so queer about her. I'm sure she likes me; but the more she likes me the less will she allow me to come near her in any way. It's all most mysterious. I really don't know what on earth to make of it."

"Take her by storm, dear Mr. Reade," Mrs. Barton said. "That's the only way to treat these vacillating beauties."

So when Fede came next morning I determined, so far as I could, by a sudden coup de main, to solve the question. I took her two hands into my own, leaned forward and kissed her. Fede looked at me from her arched eyebrows with a startled air, and cried out in a pleading voice: "Oh, don't do that again! Please, please don't do it!"

"Why not?" I exclaimed. "Don't you like it, Fede?"

She drew back, flushing crimson. "Like it?" she cried, clapping her hand to her forehead. "Oh, dear, Mr. Reade, how could I possibly help liking your embraces? It went straight to my heart! It thrilled through and through me!"

"Then one more, my child," I pleaded, pursing my lips and bending forward.

She held up her pallid face, very still, and allowed me to take it. But as soon as I had done so she withdrew again, white as death and trembling. "Oh, how could I?" she exclaimed. "It was so wrong; so selfish!"

"No, no, little one," I put in. "So kind, you mean. Dear Fede, I love you so."

"I know," she answered, simply. "And I love you, dearest! Oh, how can I ever say how much I love you!"

I seized her quivering hand. I felt the rapturous heart throb fierce through its pulses. "Then, Fede, you will be mine!" I cried, pressing her fingers tenderly.

She looked up at me confidingly. "I am yours," she answered. "I have always been yours ever since the first day I saw you in the Palazzo Here. But to marry you—oh, no! The better I loved you, the more and more impossible would it be for me to marry you!"

"You speak in riddles, Fede," I cried. "Come, come, dearest; you and I are old friends by now; explain to me what you mean by it."

A shadow gathered deep over Fede's frank face. I saw she was profoundly stirred. Her bosom heaved and fell; her eyes shrank away from me.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "it has come to that. I see, dear Norman, I shall have to explain all to you. But not just now. Give me one day more. To-morrow I shall come again and tell you everything. Finish the picture first—the picture that is to make you great and famous. It would be a pity to interrupt it now and spoil it."

"As you will," I answered. "I am yours to command, Fede."

I worked more or less spasmodically off and on that morning, but didn't quite have time to complete the study. Something seemed to have made me drowsy and stupid. Perhaps it was the tuberoses. When Fede rose to leave she held up her mouth spontaneously to be kissed. "Does that mean 'Yes'" I asked.

Fede's face was aghast with horror at the bare suggestion. "Oh, no!" she cried, agonized; "I didn't mean that, just this once I thought—perhaps for the last time—there could be no harm in it."

She was always so mysterious that I had come to pay little attention by this time to these strange, wild hints, thinking they were only Fede's hysterical fashion. So I let her go without a word of remonstrance. At the door she paused and looked back at me, reluctant. "I shall come again to-morrow," she said, "at the usual hour. For the last—time—to-morrow."

I stood back a pace or two and surveyed the study. It was stranger and more Sibylline that day than ever before. "For the last time, to-morrow, I think," I answered calmly. "It's all but finished now. And thanks to you, Fede, it'll make the best piece I've ever yet painted."

She shut the door reverently. I stayed to lunch with Mrs. Bonverie Barton. "Well, what success?" my hostess asked as I entered the dining-room.

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered. "I'm very much in love with that girl every time I see her; and yet, she holds me off so persistently, so unaccountably, I really don't know even now what to make of her."

"She's very much in love with you," Mrs. Barton interposed. "Her mother was telling me all about it last night. She says Fede never talks or thinks of anybody or anything else; and if she doesn't marry you the Contessa believes it will certainly kill her."

"It rests in her own hands, then," I answered, unburdening myself. "I've asked her to marry me; asked her more than once; but I can't understand it; she'll give no definite answer; she seems so fond of me, and yet so stand-off."

And I waited in no little anxiety through the day to hear what she had to tell me on the morrow.

That evening I suffered from a terrible headache—very rare with me. I consoled myself with the thought that for once, at any rate, I had kissed Fede.

When morning came Fede came with it to Mrs. Barton's little studio. I noticed at once a great change in her demeanor. All the reserve seemed now to have worn off entirely. She flung herself upon me, so to speak. She was frankness itself with me. She had made up her mind to wreck, she said; and now she had made it up—why, she would tell me everything.

I observed, however, there was an indescribable air of resignation about her from the very beginning. But I took it to mean no more than that she had made up her mind to refuse me, and I didn't doubt I could soon overcome her scruples, whatever they might be. So I lead her to a seat. She let me caress her as she had never before let me. Yet all the time she sat there, white and cold and passive. I put my arm around her gently and drew her to my side. She permitted me to draw her, though with a faint habitual protest. "Just this once won't matter," she said sighing deeply; "and after this once, never!"

"Why never, Fede?" I asked. "Surely, surely, carissima, you will let me love you?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, with a plaintive cadence. "I shall like you to love me. I shall like you to remember me. I hope while you live, dear, you will never forget me."

"But why are you so strange to me always, Fede, when you admit you love me?" I asked.

She turned to me with her face one red glow of shame. "I'll tell you," she answered. "I've made up my mind to it. I must tell you now. There's no keeping it from you any longer. I've known it myself for years and years. My mother knows it, too; and yet, in spite of it, she would have had me marry you. Just because your rich and able to keep me well, and to leave me provided for, she would have me marry you! But I loved you too well for that, my darling. I loved you so much, I have held her from the first, whatever she might say, I could never marry you." And she burst at once into wild floods of tears and flung herself upon me passionately.

I soothed her with my hand, still far from understanding her. "Dearest," I said, gently, "whatever it is, try to be calm; try to explain it to me quietly, and in all probability I shall be able in the end to help you out of it. A girl often thinks something an absolute impossibility which a man of the world can see a way out of with very little difficulty."

"Oh, not out of this," Fede cried out vehemently. "You don't know how terrible it is! Not out of this! It isn't possible! I'll tell you how I first came to know of it, to begin with, and then you'll soon see for yourself how hopeless it is to try to escape from it." She broke off suddenly, as if she couldn't bear to frame her thought into words. "You saw those flowers the other day,' she went on with an effort; 'those flowers you gave me?'"

"The tuberoses, you mean?" I put in. "Oh, yes, I recollect them."

"And you remember how fast they died?"

"Yes; I noticed at the time they were rather short-lived. The heat must have killed them. I supose that's always the way with tuberoses."

She hook her head vehemently. "Oh, no," she answered; "it's just the other way. Girls wear tuberoses in their hair for that very reason, because no other flower lasts so long and so fresh in the heated air of a ball-room. But with me they die at once. I can never wear them."

"Then you can wear something else," I answered lightly. "You don't mean to say you propose to reject me on no better ground than because you can't keep tuberoses?"

Her eyes turned to me reproachfully. "Oh, don't laugh," she cried, bursting into tears once more. "You don't know what a terrible moment this is to me." Then she added, after a pause, in a very solemn voice, "But you will know to-morrow."

"Go on, dearest," I answered, smoothing her dark hair with my hand. "Tell me all you have to say. I promise not to laugh at you."

"Well, it's not merely tuberoses," she continued, with a fierce outburst of speech, peering deep into my eyes as she poured forth her confession. "It's every kind of flower. That was the very first thing I noticed when I was quite a little girl and played in the nursery. I saw that if I wore flowers, or even kept them for the whole night long in my room, they withered and died. To begin with it seemed no more than that. When I was very little it didn't affect living people so much as plants, but by the time I was ten years old I began to observe that the space within my mosquito-curtains"—she paused and faltered, and then she went on with an effort—"was full in the morning of those small insects that people call—that you'll soon see for yourself how hopeless it is to try to escape from it." She broke off suddenly, as if she couldn't bear to frame her thought into words. "You saw those flowers the other day,' she went on with an effort; 'those flowers you gave me?'"

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Question Bureau.

Rules.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

No Double Pensions.

J. B. G., Dallas, Tex., writes: "I have been informed by a comrade that The Blade contained recently two articles, stating, in substance, that a veteran of the war of the rebellion, who was also a veteran of the Mexican war, and who had received a pension for the latter under the act of 1887, afterwards applied for a pension under the general laws on account of injuries received in the late war, which was allowed, and the Mexican war pension stopped; that he had instituted proceedings to compel the commissioner of pensions to pay him his Mexican war pension, and that it was decided that the commissioner must add the amount of the Mexican war pension to the invalid pension. As my own case is as above stated, I should like to be informed about it."

We are sorry to say that The Blade never contained any article of the character referred to. No such thing ever occurred, for the law is very explicit on this point. Here are the sections of the law covering the case:

Section 4715 of the Revised Statutes says:

"Nothing in this title shall be so construed as to allow more than one pension at the same time to the same person or to persons entitled jointly; but any pensioner who shall so elect may surrender his certificate and receive in lieu thereof, a certificate for any other pension to which he would have been entitled had not the surrendered certificate been issued. But all payments previously made for any period covered by the new certificate shall be deducted from the amount allowed by such certificate."

Section 5 of the act of June 30, 1882, says:

"That no person who is now receiving, or shall hereafter receive, a pension under a special act shall be entitled to receive in addition thereto a pension under the general law, unless the special act expressly states that the pension granted thereby is in addition to the pension which said person is entitled to receive under the general law."

Gen. Sam Houston.

G. M. H., Findlay, O., writes:

"Kindly give through your paper a short account of Sam Houston after he went to Texas, up to the time of his death."

Houston went to Texas in 1832. He was elected delegate to the convention of April 1, 1833, which framed a state constitution. Shortly after he was elected "general" of Texas east of Trinity river. He was a member of the "General Consultation" which met in October, 1835, to establish a provisional government, and successfully opposed a declaration of independence as premature. He was elected commander in chief of the Texas forces. He was a member of the convention of 1836 which declared independence of Mexico, and was made commander in chief again. He defeated Santa Anna on April 21, 1836, at San Jacinto, and was wounded in the ankle. Taking umbrage at the way he was treated by the civil authorities, he went to New Orleans, but returned in the fall, and was elected the first president of the Texas republic, serving until December 12, 1838. In 1840 he married his second wife. In 1841 he was re-elected president of Texas. Texas was admitted to the Union in 1845, and in 1846 Houston entered the United State Senate, serving till 1859, in which year he was elected governor of Texas. He was opposed to secession, and when Texas seceded, Feb. 23, 1861, he refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and was deposed. He died July 28, 1863.

A Liquor Query.

Republican, Dar, Md., writes: "A prominent Prohibitionist of Baltimore county, made the assertion in a Christian Endeavor Society meeting on Sunday, April 21, that Gov. Morton, of New York, is a whisky governor, and inferred that he favored opening the saloons on Sunday. How does he and Mayor Strong, of New York, stand on this matter?"

It is well to pay no attention to the assaults of political Prohibitionists on public men. So far as we can ascertain the attacks of the political Prohibitionists on Mr. Morton are made because he owns a leading hotel in Washington City, which is leased to a company, and this company serves wine, etc., with meals, as do all other first-class hotels in our great cities. Gov. Morton is, we know, opposed to saloons being open on Sunday. Mayor Strong, we believe, discussed the feasibility of allowing the saloons in New York City to open certain hours on Sunday, but in that city there are many good people, among them some clergymen, who believe that it would be better to do this than to sell on the sly, as they do. The conditions in a large city like New York are entirely different from those in small cities and towns. In the latter, the saloons can be, by proper vigilance, kept closed, in New York City they cannot, especially in the sections where the tenements swarm with persons of foreign birth.

The Treasury Condition.

J. S. W., Wolf Creek, Mo., asks: "Please tell us the amount of money that was in the national treasury when Cleveland took his seat as President, the last time, also the amount when Harrison took his seat."

By the official treasury statement on March 4, 1885, three days before Cleveland's first inauguration, the "total cash in treasury" was given as $484,406,557.

By the same statement on March 1, 1893, three days before Harrison's inauguration, the "total cash available for reduction of the public debt" was $403,589,430. A change had been made in the form of the treasury monthly report.

By the treasury statement of March 1, 1893, the "total cash in the treasury" was $764,352,266, of which $217,672,847 was gold, including the $100,000,000 reserve.

The national debt was decreased by $244,816,890 during the administration of President Harrison. But President Cleveland added $150,000,000 to the national debt in a little over two years.

What is "Free Coinage?"

T. A. T., Curtis, Ark., writes: "Myself and a friend have a controversy in regard to free coinage. I claim that it is absolutely free; he insists that the government makes a charge, by substituting cheap alloy for the pure metal, and appropriating the difference of value as a charge. Please explain this matter."

In the Question Bureau of the Weekly Blade of May 2 is an article on "Free Coinage of Gold," which gives the law regarding that metal. If a law for the free coinage of silver were passed, it would have substantially the same provisions. That is, the owner of the silver bullion would have to pay the actual cost of refining, alloying, and of coinage.

The word "free" in the phrase "free coinage of silver," does not mean that the act of coining is absolutely free. It does not refer to the act of coining the metal at all. It means that any one is "free" to take silver to the mint and have it coined, in any amount.

Citizenship.

J. A. F., Culbertson, Neb., asks: "When a new territory is admitted to statehood, do all the people of that territory become citizens of the United States, without any individual action or request of their own? And if so, is citizenship compulsory to all residents of such territory, exclusive of tribal Indians and Chinese?"

The fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States declares that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the states in which they reside."

Hence all persons resident in a territory, except aliens, and tribal Indians, are citizens of the United States. When the territory is made a state, they, by that act, become citizens of that state.

Cleveland's Foreign Policy.

"Publico" asks: "Please state where, in the present administration, has there been a failure as regards foreign affairs, from a Republican standpoint, giving all and as full points as your time and space will allow."

It made a dire failure in the Hawaiian business, in attempting to restore Liliuokalani to the throne after the Hawaiian people had driven her therefrom, and formed a republic.

It made a muddle of the Nicaraguan matter. See editorial of Weekly Blade of May 9, column 3, headed "Corinto Evacuated."

It will probably allow a similar violation of the Monroe doctrine in the matter of British aggressions in Venezuela.

Lighting Rods.

J. B. P., Lone Elm, Kan., asks: "Is a lightning rod any protection to a building?"

Yes. There is no doubt that a sufficient number of rods of proper size, and properly constructed, are an effective protection against lightning. A discharge takes place from a storm-cloud when the tension of the electricity it contains becomes too great. The rods on a building silently allow the electricity from the air and conduct it harmlessly to the earth. Each rod is estimated to protect a circular area whose radius is from one to three times its height above the roof. Many cases are known where homes protected by rods have been struck, but investigation leads to the belief that either the rods were too small, or had imperfect joints, or that their lower ends did not reach moist earth.

The "Long S."

J. P. S., Armour, N. C., writes: "Please explain why the letter 'f,' in some old books, is used for 's,' and why in these books the last word on the page is printed twice?"

The letter to which you refer is not f, but the long s. The long s was used where the letter occurred in the middle of a word, and the other, now an ordinary s, only at the end. The German language has this peculiarity to-day. If you will note the long s carefully, you will see the cross-mark near the top does not extend to the right of the main stem, which in the f it does. The explication of the last word on the page at the top of the next page appears to have been a precaution of the early printers, so that in making up the forms, the pages would not be misplaced.

The Coining Power.

S. B. D., Carl, Iowa, writes: "If Congress has the constitutional right to stop coining silver, has it not the same right to cease coining gold?"

The constitution simply gives Congress the power "to coin money." It does not specify what metal or metals. The permission to do a thing can never be construed as a command to do it. Congress has undoubtedly the power to cease coining either of both silver and gold; but no sane person supposes that it will ever exercise that power so as to stop the supply of coin.

West Point Appointments.

Student, Mosca, Colo., asks: "What Western states will have to fill vacancies at West Point Military Academy during the years 1895 and 1896?"

We do not know, as the principal of the academy does not furnish a general list. But this makes no difference to you. You can get an appointment only from the representative of the district in which you reside, and by writing to him he will tell you whether he will have a vacancy to fill this or next year.

Census Figures.

L. D. D., Bristow, asks: "Please tell me, through The Blade, where I can get an almanac that gives the census of 1890."

The population by states, also how divided as to sex, nativity and color, is given in the Tribune Almanac for 1895, which any newsdealer will order for you. Why did you not give your state? Ther are seven Bristows, in as many different states.

President of France.

P. G., Antoine, Ark.: The President of the French Republic is elected by the National Assembly, composed of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. He must have a majority of all the members. He is elected for seven years, and may be re-elected. His salary is 600,000 francs, or about $120,000 per year.

Miscellaneous.

C. E. M., Newkirk, Okla.: We do not know.

M., Wheatland, Mo.: Roots and cuttings are usually packed in moss to send by mail.

G. B., ——: We think the matter is one of state law; hence consult some lawyer familiar with the statutes of your own state.

M. H., Inez, Pa.: Dealers who buy old stamps find among them enough that are rare or otherwise valuable, to make it an object to buy them.

G. W., Cuba, Kan.: Address a letter of inquiry to Col. S. H. Hawkins, 20th Infantry, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, and he will give you the information you desire.

W. L. F., Kasson, Minn.: Address a letter to "Register of U. S. Land Office," at either Cookston, Duluth, Marshall, or St. Cloud, Minnesota, and he will furnish the information.

WEARS AN ALUMINUM EAR.

What Science Has Done for an Aged Englishman.

We have had people with glass eyes, porcelain teeth and artificial whiskers, and now along comes a man with an aluminum ear. He is 63 years of age and was admitted into the Queen's Hospital, at Birmingham, England, in April, 1893, with an epithelioma of the left auricle.

THE MAN WITH THE ALUMINUM EAR.

The greater part of the diseased ear was cut off by the attending surgeon and a plaster-of-paris cast was taken of the left side of his head. Then an artificial ear was built up in wax to match the healthy one on the opposite side. This bogus ear was then made in vulcanite and aluminum, tinted and enamelled to harmonize with the complexion. No artificial contrivance, such as a spectacle frame, was made use of to support the aluminum ear, and adhesion to the head was effected by means of a saturated solution of mastic in absolute alcohol.

The man now can hear as well as ever, but he takes care to sleep on the right side at night so as not to break off his new ear. At the same time he has no fear of having it frost-bitten, and he is probably the only man alive who could even partly comply with the request of Marc Antony: "Lend me your ears."

An Unexpected Decision.

She was the daughter of a dean, but a bit rocky on spelling, hyphens, and that sort of thing all the same, and on returning from a tour through Italy had written to a young man of her acquaintance describing the good time she'd had and some of the treasures she'd picked up. But imagine his feelings, on reading her letter, to see the following: "I have got a beautiful white Leg-" until having come to the bottom of the sheet, he turned over and found, "horn hat," and realized that it was only a description of feminine headgear.—London Sporting Times.

A New Cunarder.

Boston is to have a new fast Cunarde, but, alas, she is going to carry cattle, not human beings, across the Atlantic.—Boston Herald.

Mean.

John Goat, of Wyoming, Minn., has been mean enough to name one of his kids Nannie.—Butte Miner.

W. G. Skinner is one of the best known men in Wakefield, Mass. He is a war veteran and everybody's friend. He says:

"I had rheumatism and was in poor health a long time. Indications pointed towards the accumulation of impurities in the blood and germs of disease. I was constipated and had no appetite. I evidently needed a good blood purifier and decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It made a change all through my system, gave me an appetite and worked effectively on my blood. I am now perfectly well, my blood has been put in good order, thanks to Hood's." W. G. SKINNER.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

The fact that Napoleon's military career began during the first year of his life, with the forced marches which by his command his father executed at dead of night, is pointed out by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs in his Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica; and such items of information—intimately personal and interesting, yet hitherto unpublished—will be found in surprising abundance. The crowning merit of a humorous work is that the author should know where to draw the line, and at that precise point it has been drawn. In this book there is no violence done to history; the author has had recard for the recognized authorities, but has embodied the thought with wit—not otherwise than as the artist, H. W. McVickar, has enlivened and decorated the page with drawings. Harper & Bros.

The American Congress, a history of national legislation and political events from 1774 to 1895, is by Joseph West Moore. The value of this work is enhanced by the fact that no other student of American history has entered and occupied the field which Mr. Moore here makes his own. In this sense a positive contribution to our knowledge of the national government, it will be welcomed by the general reader, as well as by those whose occupations in life induce them to look most frequently and with the greatest concern towards "The American Congress," and who must know what it has been in the past, as well as what it is. All of the most important occurrences in national political affairs are described by Mr. Moore. The great American statesmen, as well as the measures advocated by them, are portrayed, and the causes and consequences of federal legislation are treated in a resolutely fair manner. The history begins with the colonial period—with the Continental Congress and its prominent men—narrates very clearly the proceedings in the formation of the nation and the establishment of the constitutional government, and then goes steadily on to tell of the notable legislative and political transactions in the growth and development of the American republic up to the present time. There are many bright sketches of character, interesting accounts of all the political parties, and pleasing incidents, anecdotes, and personalities; also important state papers, famous speeches and debates, and other matter valuable for reference. Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

Mademoiselle Ixe, by Lanoe Falconer, is another contribution to that very delightful collection of books known as The Unknown Library. The story deals with a Russian Nihilist whose intense and mistaken, although noble character, stands out darkly against the peaceful English village life with which she is associated, a tragic element in the pretty love story which runs through the book. Cassell Pub. Co., New York.

In The Master, a novel, by the author of Children of the Ghetto, etc., Mr. Zangwill has succeeded in telling the story of the career of Matthew Strang in a way that challenges admiration and demands more than formal words of praise. From his childhood, passed in a commonplace village—from the inception of his desire to place the beautiful things in nature, interpreted by his art, before the eyes of other people—from the first stirrings in his fingers for the brush and pencil; through his poverty in the streets of London; his return to his native country; his marriage for the sake of art and the subsequent tragedy of his life; his gain of the applause of the world; his brief glimpses into fields of happiness—we follow and feel as if we had shared Strang's life and often clasped his hand. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The first part of Dr. O. W. Owen's work on "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story" can now be obtained in the book stores. It opens abruptly, without preface or explanation of any kind, and on this account may appear to some as incomplete; but "Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the Decipherer," with which the volume begins, is a preface in itself, and is an appetite whetter for more of the wonderful story that could not be excelled.

However, while the book itself may be complete, a review of it would not be so without some explanation. Not a few have held that the plays ascribed to Shakespeare were written by Bacon. Numerous reasons have been given for this belief, among them the fact of Bacon's learning, versatility and erudition. General Butler believed Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Ignatius Donnelly has published a book which he claims gives the cipher unravelling the mystery. But those who have seen Donnelly's book at once apprehend that it is an explanation that does not explain. In consequence it remains dead on the shelves of the book stores, with hardly a friend left to do it reverence.

Dr. Owen has been eight years working at the Bacon cipher. How he first discovered it is a story left for a later volume.

The Howard Publishing Company, of Detroit, have taken charge of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," and the price of this first part, consisting of 198 pages, is 50 cents in paper cover.

While English authors have been busy discussing in the form of fiction the question whether marriage is or is not conducive to lasting happiness, Mr. Charles Stokes Wayne has taken up a subject that lies much nearer to the Philadelphia heart, and asks whether Neighborhood is forever to decide who is and who is not fitted to enter the charmed circle of the Quaker City's most exclusive society. In his latest novel, The Lady and Her Tree, this burning question is debated with not a little cynicism and a good deal of quiet humor. Mr. Wayne is a Philadelphian himself, of old family, and he writes with a degree of authority. The story which involves this problem in its subject matter is an interesting one, however, aside from the main theme. Its heroine is a Philadelphian by birth and a New Yorker by adoption, and her experience upon her return to her native city is the basis of the plot. The Vortex company, Philadelphia, are the publishers.

M. E. Francis, author of A Daughter of the Soil (Harper & Brothers), has delicacy of touch, a keen eye for character, and excellent skill in portrayal. Her story, although a somewhat sad one, acquires from her handling a wholly individual attractiveness and interest; and her heroine's ultimate reconquest of happiness (through unswerving loyalty and simple faith) is a theme that, often chosen, pleases often.

With the Procession, a novel, by Henry B. Fuller, is a realistic novel of Chicago life, on the lines of The Cliff Dwellers. The theme is admirable—the upheaval of a sober Chicago commercial family, rich and fossilized, by the ambitions of the just-fledged younger son and daughter. The way in which the moral and social concepts of the elders are overthrown is vividly shown, while the work is not less remarkable than The Cliff Dwellers for its striking impressions of life in the great city in which its scene is laid. Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Majesty," a novel by Louis Couperus, has been excellently translated by A. De Mottos and Ernest Dawson. Referring to this book the London Academy says:

"There have been many workers among novelists in the field of royal portraiture, but it may be safely stated that few of those who have essayed this dubious path have achieved more striking results than M. Couperus. 'Majesty is an extraordinarily vivid romance of autocratic imperialism, and the main aim of the book is so legitimate, and its treatment so sympathetic and artistic, that it is to be regretted that the author should have adopted that portrait form at all. The striking but superficial resemblance between the leading characters of the story and those of more than one reigning imperial house will no doubt prove a bait to readers hungry for personalities; but the real merits of the book—its dramatic intensity and powerful characterization—are entirely independent of this factitious interest."

Harper & Brothers, New York.

The publication of John S. C. Abbott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte began in 1851, as a serial in Harper's Magazine, and was continued during more than three years. Phenomenally successful at that time (for, from first to last it proved itself to be the most popular serial that had ever appeared in an American periodical), its place in the esteem of the general public was afterwards assured by an adequate publication in book form. The two handsome volumes, containing almost 1,300 large pages, admirable typographically and generously illustrated, are now perhaps more than ever in request, as one result of the widespread interest in the illustrious subject of the work. Harper & Brothers, New York.

HARNESSED NIAGARA.

The Tests Made Thus Far Are Entirely Satisfactory.

The experiments which have been going on at Niagara Falls have been as delicate, as carefully conducted, as are those which the chemists or scientists make in the field of original research. The human intellect can scarcely conceive of the enormity of some of the results already obtained and of others which are expected. In the harnessing of a majestic implement which is to be used to develop an electric current of enormous power to another colossal machine, which is to receive the prodigious power that is in the Niagara current and convey it to this electric transformer, work was necessarily as delicate as that which the watchmaker has need of. The expectation is that the revolutions of this dynamo will be so rapid that only by comparison can they be understood. Therefore it has been necessary to test, and with gradually increasing speed, the relations of the various parts of this complicated whole machine to one another. Suppose there has been a deviation of a fraction of an inch in measurements, or rome, chance for friction, which had been overlooked, and, therefore, unprovided for, or some variation frm the quality of the bearings of the machine; then there was danger that after a certain rate of speed was reached there might come one mighty crash involving the whole machinery in destruction.

A few days ago some of the capitalists and a few scientists went to Niagara to see how far the tests had been made. Their going and coming was not known by the public, nor have they felt free to give any detailed information of their experiences. I was told so much as this, that the number of revolutions of this dynamo was run up to about 150 and with perfect success. The wheel's spun with the beauty and evenness of a top, upon which only the laws of nature operate. One hundred and fifty revolutions a minute do not convey the idea to the mind of the prodigious force that is required to produce that, but some idea may be obtained by saying that if the wheel were placed upon a railroad track and was set agoing at that speed it would cover a mile in a minute.

That, however, is scarcely 50 per cent of the power that is contemplated. Gradually, carefully, patiently, this speed will be increased, and probably within the next three or four weeks, until at last when the full force of Niagara, so far as the penstock can carry it, is delivered to the turbine, and by that agency redelivered to the dynamo, that instrument will receive a force capable of making it revolve at the rate of nearly 300 revolutions a minute—not quite that, about 280—to be approximately accurate. That will represent a speed upon a railway of two miles a minute, and it is only by such comparison that the mind can grasp the enormity of these figures. At the rate of two miles a minute the continent would be crossed in 24 hours. The trip from New York to Chicago is made in six hours, or from Philadelphia to Queenstown in a single day. But that is not all. When at last this wheel is set going at this speed it must go day and night, week in and week out, at a rate equivalent to nearly 3,000 miles every 24 hours, or equivalent to a journey around the world in eight days.

Of course, when the other wheels are set up, occasionally this one will be stopped, but by and by, if the commercial development of the electricity there obtained proves to be as great as now expected, there may be as many as three or four transformers whirling at this speed, which can be likened only to some of the movements of the celestial bodies.

The capitalists and most of the scientists who witnessed the experiments the other day have now no doubt about the commercial as well as the scientific success of this mighty work. Yet they admit that the problem will not be solved until the transformer converts the mighty force of Niagara into an electric current, and delivers that current to the shop, the trolley, the electric lighting plants in Buffalo and elsewhere.

When returning from Buffalo some of the scientists talked about this problem. The experiments they had witnessed were purely mechanical, for the transformer has not yet been permitted to convert the force into an electric current. Yet there was not one of the scientists who did not express the opinion that when the electrical machinery is attached and the current developed, it will be found to have as perfectly solved the problems as all of the work hitherto has done.

—To have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Rescue of "Reuben."

The newsboy was from the rural district. His clothes were the typical awkward, ill-fitting creation of the backwoods tailor, and he cried his papers with an unmistakably rural twang. Naturally he at once became a shining mark for the wit of the city gamins, and they proceeded to enjoy themselves thoroughly at the country lad's expense.

"Git onter de jay!" they cried, mocking the "Hey, Reuben; where'd yer git dem clothes? Take dem c'nalboats off yer feet, Country!"

"Reuben" paid no heed to his tormentors, but went on crying his wares. Finally one urchin, more daring than his fellows, darted in and knocked the bundle of papers from under "Reuben's" arm. Then the whole gang closed in on the country boy.

A harassed lady who seemed to have just stepped from the pages of one of the comic weeklies had been an indignant spectator of the prosecution of "Reuben." He now concluded it was high time for him to interfere in the interests of justice.

Plunging into the midst of the fray, he laid about him vigorously with his umbrella and carpet bag and soon routed the opposing forces. Then he assisted the boy to collect his scattered papers, and the two sat down together on one of the benches.

"You look kind o' peaked, sonny," the man remarked. "Be ye hungry?"

It appeared that the boy was hungry and the farmer opened his carpet-bag.

"Here, sonny," said he, fishing out three big cakes; "here's some o' Miranda's doughnuts, an' Miranda can't be beat on doughnuts. An' when ye git done with them, there's an apple pie fer ye," and he leaned back and sat watching the boy eat.

"It do seem," he remarked frequently, "thet these city folks haint got no time fer country folks nohow. Ever'where I go some chap's bound to whistle thet tune about a feller with a bunch o' whiskers on his chin. It's sorter strange," and he stroked his goatee meditatively.

The boy's mouth was too full for utterance, but he nodded sympathetically.

"Wal, this is the fust time I've been in York fer twenty years, an' I guess I can do without her fer twenty more, b'gosh! I'm a goin back to Three Corners this afternoon, where the folks don't look at the cut o' yer coat, an' a feller kin hev whiskers on his nose ef he wants ter. Hev ye done with thet pie?"

The boy was just finishing it.

"Well, I'm goin' to hev a look at the Bow'ry. Reckon it's changed a leetle in twenty years, and I'd better git you to show me 'round."

And they started up Park row together.

Subjective and Objective.

Hobson—I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing.

The Poor Father—Taking! . . not the word; "giving" is more like it.—Philadelphia Record.

REAR ADMIRAL MEADE.

A CRITICISM WHICH HAS STUNG THE WASHINGTON OFFICIALS.

The Remark That He is an American and a Union Man Particularly Galling to the President and Secretary Herbert.

New York Tribune, May 10.

Rear Admiral Meade makes the Park Avenue Hotel his headquarters during his stay in the city. He was seen at the hotel last night and asked about his retirement from the navy. He was pacing up and down the corridor of the hotel as if on the quarter-deck, and from his face one would have judged that he was in excellent humor. When reference was made to the hauling down of his flag on the New York and the incidental salute, Rear Admiral Meade said in reply to the question:

"The hauling down of my flag means simply that I have been detached from the North Atlantic squadron. The salute is naval etiquette. I am detached from my squadron through my own request."

When he was asked why he had asked to be retired, he said bitterly: "My ideas are not in accordance with those of this administration. I am just as much disgusted with it as the people at large in this country are, and I preferred to quit rather than continue my connection with it."

"What were the causes in detail?" was asked. In reply he said:

"I am an American and a Union man. Those are two things which the administration cannot stand."

"The causes must have been severe that led you to ask to be retired," was suggested. Admiral Meade said:

"I am a young man yet. I have five years before me that I might serve before retirement. In two years I would be the ranking officer of the navy. That is a pretty desirable position, isn't it? Well, I preferred to resign and sever all connection with the navy; renounce all right of succession and begin anew, rather than to continue in charge with all that I had to contend against. That ought to give you some inkling of the gravity of the causes.'

"Had the affair of Medical Inspector Kershner, the first surgeon, anything to do with your retirement?" was asked, and in reply the admiral said:

"That was only a petty case. The reports that have been given out of that were wrong mainly. I will tell you how it all happened. The fleet was lying there in the West Indies when a little Nova Scotia girl slipped in. She was lying a long way from shore, and flying a signal calling for medical assistance. It would have been a great deal of trouble for her to send ashore for a surgeon, and as it was a case of humanity I ordered the surgeon to go to her. That was strictly within the province of even the captain. When the order was given Kershner did not refuse to go outright, but demurred. He said that it might be fever, and he must protect the men on his own vessel. If he had refused to go outright it would have been an act for discipline, and he would have been placed under arrest. When Captain Evans told me of his objection I at once ordered him to go or send a subordinate. A subordinate went and attended to the case. I took note of the occurrence and forwarded the papers to Washington, endorsing them with the facts in the case, wherein the fleet surgeon had manifested timidity and a lack of obedience.

"The present court martial all grew out of an article published in the Tribune. That article was a clear violation of the naval regulations. Some one had given out the information, and it was my duty to find where the leak was. I put every officer from myself down on oath. Each man solemnly swore that he had nothing to do with giving out the information. A marked copy of the Tribune is in the office of the secretary of the navy with enough information concerning Mr. Kershner's complicity in the publication of the article to warrant an investigation, and the present court martial is the result, and some perplexing questions will be asked."

Admiral Meade, when asked if he would have any official connection with the court martial, said:

"No. They may call me as a private citizen to testify, but my relief from thraldom is close at hand, and my interests are not bound up in this case to any extent. The imputation has been made that I am trying, through this case, to make trouble between the line and staff officers. That is all wrong. I have never noted the difference, and have always been as friendly to one side as another."

When he was asked what his plans for the future were, he said:

"I haven't any. As I said, I am a young man, and I had good prospects, but I believed that I could do better for myself unattached than I could in working for people who could not appreciate it. I will soon be a private citizen. I had one of the most touching tributes paid to me by my men to-day that I ever received. I hated to leave them. I expect to go to Washington to-morrow and clear up a little business, and after that I don't know what I shall do."

Admiral Meade gave one last parting shot at the administration as he said:

"I am a Republican, and a man who lives on the ocean is apt to imbibe patriotism and loyalty. I find these principles at a discount with the present regime. I want to be untrammelled when I can think and speak as I like, and to that end I will doff the gold lace and don the habiliments of a citizen, who, at least, has the prerogative of standing up for his country's honor."

Washington Special in New York Sun, May 11.

Rear Admiral Meade's severe strictures upon the administration, in his interview published this morning, were considered here to-day as the most remarkable utterances that have come from a naval officer of high rank in years. They have incensed the President and cabinet to such an extent that the admiral will be called upon for an explanation, which, if not satisfactory, will lead to a court of inquiry, and probably a court martial of that officer for violating one of the articles of the naval regulations, which expressly forbid just such remarks as Admiral Meade is reported to have made. Secretary Herbert makes no attempt to conceal his great surprise that an officer of Admiral Meade's standing should have been so indiscreet as to criticise his superior officers, and attack the administration as he did. Naval officers who have known the admiral for years were not surprised, and have predicted, since reports were received from the West Indies of the demoralized condition of the fleet through repeated censures of the admiral by the department for trivial matters, that he would make use of language that would ultimately get him into trouble. The President, it is understood, regards the admiral's interview as a direct insult to the Democratic administration, and if not rebuked will place the navy department in a position where its actions can always be questioned and held up to scorn and ridicule by any officer of the service.

* * * * * * * * *

Secretary Herbert, who is a Southern man and an ex-Confederate, is said to be considerably provoked with that part of Admiral Meade's interview to the effect that he (Meade) was a Union man, and that was one thing the administration could not stand. This remark is believed to have been aimed at Secretary Herbert, whom the admiral, it is said, holds responsible for the disintegration of his magnificent fleet in the West Indies and the various communications sent him calling attention to the carelessness in observing some of the regulations.

—If afflicted with scalp disease, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

SIX O'CLOCK.

WEARY WOMEN WATCH FOR THAT BLESSED HOUR.

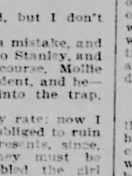
Help for our Working-Girls and Women Near at Hand.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

"At the stroke of six ends the day's work at stores, offices, factories, mills, where women are employed. But their necessary work at home, sewing, mending, etc., must be done after that time, and "their work is never done." All women work; some for ambition, some for economy in the household, but the great mass of women work for their daily bread. All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbances, and the nature of their duties often quickly drifts them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, ovarian troubles, inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, leucorrhœa, and perhaps irregular or suppressed "monthly periods," causing severe backache, loss of appetite, nervousness, irritability and weakness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for all these troubles. It strengthens the proper muscles, and cures displacement.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, bearing-down, disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled. Write Mrs. Pinkham about your trouble.



You can tell the story of your pain to a woman, and get the help that only woman can give. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

WOMEN ARE QUEER CREATURES.

Here Are Some of the Circumstances Which Go Toward Proving It.

They had evidently begun the conversation before the came into the restaurant and they continued it after the waiter had taken their order.

"Yes," said the prettiest one, "women are queer creatures, though I would perish at the stake before I'd acknowledge it to my husband. Really, though, I do think Marie is the queerest of the lot. For instance, she and Louise have not spoken, much less visited each other, for a year—well, one day last week I called on Marie, and found her drawing-room all torn up, as if she was housecleaning, in spite of the fact that it was her day at home, though, to be sure, not a pail or a broom was to be seen. Now what do you think Marie told me when she came down."

"Give it up," said the girl, who was solacing herself with the bread, butter and pickles, while she waited, "but, as it was Marie, I am sure that it was something purely original."

"She said that she had never been able to fully enjoy her lovely Persian rugs and bric-a-brac, because she couldn't display them to Louise—well, she discovered that Louise was spending the day across the street, so she just tore up everything, as if she were house cleaning, hung the rugs out of the windows, piled the bric-a-brac on the tables in full view, and sat down to enjoy the first real peaceful day for a year."

"And Louise?"

"Oh, as I went out I saw that one of the drawing-room shades across the way was pulled all the way down, and one didn't need to be a clairvoyant to know that Louise with her lorgnette was behind it."

"Of course, speaking of queer things, Effie is engaged to be married and I made her tell how she managed it; I know that man hadn't sense enough to do it of his own accord. She just wrote Mollie a letter telling her all about Stanley and how much she loved him, but that she knew he did not care for her, so she was resolved to die an old maid. Then she wrote Stanley a note, asking about a book—that's how she did it."

"I suppose I'm stupid, but I don't understand."

"Why, she just made a mistake, and enclosed Mollie's letter to Stanley, and his note to her. Of course, Mollie thought it a simple accident, and he—Oh, he just fell right into the trap, —that's all."

"One for Effie, at any rate; now I suppose we shall all be obliged to ruin ourselves buying her presents, since, as he is so wealthy they must be handsome ones," grumbled the girl who had seemed absorbed in the bill of fare. "But I can tell you something funny, too; see those two girls just going out? Well, I heard the tall one whisper to the girl at the table just back of us: 'I made Nanette come to lunch with me to-day because I wanted to study her new hat; I've mastered those lovely bows, and saved a dollar by it.' 'A dollar, how?' asked the girl. 'Oh, her lunch cost me 50 cents, she's dieting for her complexion, you know, and any milliner would have charged me $1.50 to trim my hat like hers.' What do you think of that?"

"I think she was a mean, stingy thing" cried the others in a breath, and they all began to look suspiciously at each other.

How Little Can We Live On?

Dr. Pavy, perhaps the most eminent authority upon diet, says that the average man in a state of absolute rest, can live on five ounces of food a day; a man doing ordinary light work can live on 23 ounces, and a man doing laborious work needs from 28½ to 30 ounces.

This is food absolutely free from water, and it must be remembered that everything we eat contains more or less water, so that from 48 to 60 ounces of ordinary food are necessary to the work in which a man is engaged.

Sir Lyon Playfair, another great authority, gives the following as all that is necessary for a healthy man to eat in a week. Three pounds of meat with one pound of fat; two ordinary loaves of bread, one ounce of salt and five pints of milk; for the meat, five or six pounds of oatmeal may be substituted. This sounds like starvation diet, but Sir Lyon Playfair generally knows what he's talking about.—The Lancet.

Beating the Office Boy.

It isn't every office boy that tyrannizes over his employer. One of these destroyers of peace approached the boss the other day with a demand for more pay.

"What do you get?" asked the boss.

"Three dollars per," answered the boy saucily.

"Well, isn't that enough for the work you do?"

"No, it ain't. I have to be here from 6 in the morning till 6 at night. Twelve hours a day for $3 a week ain't enough."

"Ain't enough what? Work?" and the boss smiled grimly.

"No. Enough pay."

"But you work only half the time."

"Come off; I work all the time."

"I guess not," smiled the boss again. "Are you on 24 hours in a day?" and the boy saw that in the boss's eye which made him pause ere he went too far.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Explanation.

That was a delightfully ingenious and bud-like remark that a certain young girl made at a reception the other evening.

"You say you don't know who any of those young men are,' some one said to her; 'but I notice they seem to know who you are."

"Oh," said she, "that's easy enough to understand—there aren't so many of me to know as there are of them!"—Boston Transcript.

The Unfair One.

They say that she is very fair,
But she's not fair to me,
Because, gadsooks, she turned me down,
And chose some other he.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Gophers—Heaves.

W. M. E.:—There has been so much damage done by gophers that the United States Agricultural department, division of ornithology and mammalogy, has had a thorough investigation made as to the best method of destroying the pests. Traps of various kinds have been recommended but have not proven as effective as desired. The best trap yet used is a "No. 0" steel trap made made with the spring under the pan. Select a fresh hole, if possible, and after removing the loose earth at the mouth of the burrow, set the trap in the main runway, flush with the bottom. It may be noticed that the earth removed in excavating the burrow, is brought to the surface at intervals by means of side passages, through which it is pushed up from below, forming the characteristic "gopher hills. After the load is deposited the mouth of the hole is closed, and unless the animal happens to be working in the vicinity, the side passage is likely to be abandoned and a new one made near the point from which the earth is being removed. The main passage is usually kept open, as the occupant frequently passes back and forth. If the burrow is near the surface, the trap may be placed advantageously between the two hills by digging down until the main burrow is reached, and setting the trap as before, flush with the floor of the runway, so that the gopher will pass over it. A few bits of potato, turnip or even grass may be scattered in the runway to attract the animal, but often no bait is necessary. For poisoning gophers strychnine and bisulphide of carbon are the most speedy and effective. Caution must be exercised not to scatter the strychnine where other animals may get at it. Mr. Rollin Cooper, of North Dakota, says, writing to the United States Agricultural department: "I send men over my fields about twice in the spring, the first time as soon as the animals commence coming out of their holes, with wheat soaked in strychnine water. I used 1 oz. of flavored strychnine to each bushel of wheat. Every farmer can flour his own strychnine with a case knife on any piece of iron or gl

Talmage's Sermon.

YOUNG MEN RECEIVE HIS ATTENTION THIS WEEK.

INSPIRED BY A LETTER FROM SIX OHIO YOUTHS.

SHOWS THE POWER OF YOUNG MEN TO DO GOOD.

Keep the Body and Soul Clean and Fight Hard.

New York, May 13.—In his audiences at the Academy of Music, Dr. Talmage meets many hundreds of young men, from different parts of the Union and representing almost every calling and profession in life. To them he especially addressed his discourse Sunday afternoon, the subject being, "Words With Young Men."

"Fayette, O.

"Reverend Sir:—We, the undersigned, being earnest readers of your sermons, especially request that you use as a subject for some one of your future sermons, "Advice to young men.' Yours respectfully, H. S. Millott, F. O. Millott, J. L. Sherwood, Charles T. Rubert, M. E. Elder, S. J. Altman."

Those six young men, I suppose, represent innumerable young men who are about undertaking the battle of life, and who have more interrogation points in their mind than any printer's case ever contained, or printer's fingers ever set up. But few people who have passed fifty years of age are capable of giving advice to young men. Too many begin their counsel by forgetting they ever were young men themselves. November snows do not understand May-time blossom week. The east wind never did understand the south wind, Autumnal golden rod makes a poor fist at lecturing about early violets. Generally, after a man has rheumatism in his right foot, he is not competent to discuss juvenile elasticity. Not one man out of a hundred can enlist and keep the attention of the young after there is a bald spot on the cranium. I attended a large meeting in Philadelphia, assembled to discuss how the Young Men's Christian Association of that city might be made more attractive for young men, when a man arose and made some suggestions with such lugubrious tone of voice and a manner that seemed to deplore that everything was going to ruin, when an old friend of mine, at 75 years as young in feeling as anyone at 20, arose and said: 'That good brother who has just addressed you will excuse me for saying that a young man would no sooner go and spend an evening among such funereal tones of voice and funereal ideas of religion which that brother seems to have adopted than he would go and spend the evening in Laurel Hill cemetery." And yet these young men of Ohio have a right to ask those who have had many opportunities of studying this world and the next world to give helpful suggestions as to what theories of life one ought to adopt, and what dangers he ought to shun. Attention, young men!

First, get your soul right. You see that is the most valuable part of you. It is the most important room in your house. It is the parlor of your entire nature. Put the best pictures on its walls. Put the best music under its arches. It is important to have the kitchen right, and the dining room right, and all the other rooms of your nature right; but Oh! the parlor of the soul. Be particular about the guests who enter it. Shut the doors in the faces of those who would despoil and pollute it. There are princes and kings who would like to come into it, while there are assassins who would like the come out from behind its curtains, and with silent foot attempt the desperate and murderous. Let the King come in. He is now at the door. Let me be usher to announce his arrival, and introduce the King of this world, the King of all worlds, the King eternal, immortal, invisible. Make room. Stand back. Clear the way. Bow, kneel, worship the King. Have him once for your guest, and it does not make much difference who comes or goes. Would you have a warrantee against moral disaster and surety of a noble career? Read at least one chapter of the Bible on your knees every day of your life.

Word the next: Have your body right. "How are you?" I often say when I meet a friend in mine in Brooklyn. He is over seventy, and alert and vigorous, and very prominent in the law. His answer is, "I am living on the capital of a well-spent youth." On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of people who are suffering the results of early sins. The grace of God gives one a new heart, but not a new body. David, the Psalmist, had to cry out: "Remember not the sins of my youth." Let a young man make his body a wine cellar, or a rum jug, or a whisky cask, or a beer barrel, and smoke poisonous cigarettes until his hand trembles, and he is black under the eyes, and his cheeks fall in, and then at some church seek and find religion, yet all the praying he can do will not hinder the physical consequences of natural law fractured and defied. Now, you young men of Ohio, and all the young men, take care of your eyes, those windows of the soul. Take care of your ears, and listen to nothing that depraves. Take care of your lips, and see that they utter no profanities. Take care of your nerves by enough sleep and avoiding unhealthy excitements, and by taking outdoor exercise, whether by ball, or skate, or horseback, lawn tennis, or exhilarating bicycle, if you sit upright and do not join that throng of several hundred thousands who by the wheel are cultivating crooked backs, and cramped chests, and stereotyped bodies, rapidly coming down toward all-fours, and the attitude of beasts that perish. Anything that bends body, mind, or soul to the earth is unhealthy. Oh, it is a grand thing to be well, but do not depend on pharmacy and the doctors to make you well. Stay well. Read John Todd's Health Manual, and Coombs's Physiology, and everything you can lay your hands on about mastication, and digestion, and assimilation. Where you find one man or woman sick from you find fifty half dead. From my own experience I can testify that, being a disciple of the gymnasium, many a time just before going to the parallel bars, and punching bags, and pullies and weights, I thought Satan was about taking possession of society, and the church, and the world, but after one hour of climbing, and lifting, and pulling, I felt like hastening home so as to be there when the millenium set in. Take a good stout run every day. I find in that habit, which I have kept up since I read the aforesaid Todd's Manual, more recuperation than in anything else. Those six men of Ohio will need all possible nerve, and all possible eyesight, and all possible muscular development before they get through the terrific struggle of this life.

Word the next: Take care of your intellect. Here comes the flood of novelettes, ninety-nine out of a hundred belittling to every one that opens them. Here come depraved newspapers, submerging good and elevating American journalism. Here comes a whole perdition of printed abomination, dumped on the breakfast table and parlor table. Take at least one good newspaper, with able editorial and reporters' columns; mostly occupied with helpful intelligence, announcing marriages and deaths and reformatory and religious assemblages and charities bestowed, and the doings of good people, and giving but little place to nasty divorce cases and stories of crime, which, like cobras, sting those that touch them. Oh, for more newspapers that put virtue in what is called great primer type, and vice in nonpareil or agate.

You have all seen the photographer's negative. He took a picture from it ten or twenty years ago. You ask him now for a picture from that same negative. He opens the great chest containing the black negatives of 1885, or 1875, and he produces the picture. Young men, your memory is made up of the negatives of immortal photography. All that you see or hear goes into your soul to make pictures for the future. You will have with you until the judgment day the negatives of all the bad pictures you have ever looked at and of all the debauched scenes you have read about. Show me the newspapers you take and the books you read, and I will tell you what are your prospects for well-being in this life, and what will be your residence a million years after the star on which we now live shall have dropped out of the constellation. I never travel on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity or mercy. But last autumn I was in India in a city plague-struck. By the hundreds the people were down with fearful illness. We went to the apothecary's to get some preventive of the fever, and the place was crowded with invalids, and we had no confidence in the preventive we purchased from the Hindoos. The mail train was to start Sabbath evening. I said, "Frank, I think the Lord will excuse us if we get out of this place with the first train," and we took it, not feeling quite comfortable until we were hundreds of miles away. I felt we were right in flying from the plague. Well, the air in many of our cities is struck with a worse plague—the plague of corrupt and damnable literature. Get away from it as soon as possible. It has already ruined the bodies, minds, and souls of a multitude, which, if stood in solid column, would reach from New York Battery to Golden Horn. The plague! The plague!

Word the next: Never go to any place where you would be ashamed to die. Adopt that plan and you will never go to any evil amusement, nor be found in compromising surroundings. How many startling cases within the past few years have been called suddenly out of this world, and the newspapers surprised us when they mentioned the locality and the companionship. To put it on the least important ground, you ought not to go to any such forbidden place, because if you depart this life in such circumstances you put officiating ministers in great embarrassment. You know that many of the ministers believe that all who leave this life go straight to heaven, however they have acted in the world, or whatever they have believed. To save you through from such surroundings is an appalling theological undertaking. One of the most arduous and besweating efforts of that kind that I ever knew of was at the obsequies of a man who was found dead in a snow bank with his rum-jug close beside him. But the minister did the work of happy transference as well as possible, although it did seem a little inappropriate when he read: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." If you have no mercy upon yourself, have mercy upon the minister who may be called to officiate after your death, or at home, or in some place of honest business, or where the laughter is clean, or amid companionship pure and elevating. Remember that any place you go to may become our starting point for the next world. When we enter the harbor of heaven, and the officer of light comes aboard, let us be able to show that our clearing papers were dated at the right port.

Word the next: As soon as you can, by industry and economy, have a home of your own. What do I mean by a home? I mean two rooms and the blessing of God on both of them; one room for slumber, one for food, its preparation and the partaking thereof. Mark you, I would like you soon to have a home with thirty rooms, all upholstered, pictured and statuetted, but I am putting it down at the minimum. A husband and wife who cannot be happy with a home made up of two rooms would not be happy in heaven if they got there. It does not see how the old folks could get any sooner. Blessed are the cradles that are being rocked now. Blessed are the students in the freshman class. Blessed those who will yet be young men when the new century comes in, in five or six years from now. This world was hardly fit to live in in the eighteenth century. I do not see how the old folks stood it.

During the nineteenth century the world, by Christianizing and educational influences, been fixed up until it does very well for temporary residence. But the twentieth century! Ah, that will be the time to see great sights, and do great deeds. Oh, young men, get ready for the rolling in of that mightiest and grandest, and most glorious century that the world has ever seen! Only five summers more; five autumns more; five winters more; five springs more, and then the clock of time will strike the death of the old century, and the birth of the new. I do not know what sort of a December night it will be when this century lies down to die; whether it will be starlit or tempestuous; whether the snows will be drifting or the soft winds will breathe upon the pillow of the expiring centenarian. But millions will mourn its going, for many have received from it kindnesses innumerable, and they will kiss farewell the aged brow, wrinkled with so many vicissitudes. Old nineteenth century of weddings and burials, of defeats and victories; of nations born and nations dead; thy pulses growing feebler now, will soon stop on that 31st night of December.

But right beside it will be the infant century held up for baptism. Its smooth brow will glow with bright expectations. The then more than seven hundred million inhabitants of the earth will hail its birth and pray for its prosperity. Its reign will be for a hundred years, and the most of your life, I think, will be under the sway of its scepter. Get ready for it. Have your heart right; your digestion right. We will hand over to you our commerce, our mechanisms, our arts and sciences, our professions, our pulpits, our inheritance. We believe in you. We bless you. And though by the time you get into the thickest of the fight the Lord and righteousness, we may have disappeared from earthly scenes, we will not lose our interest in your struggle, and if the Lord will let us escape from a little while from the temple services and the house of many mansions, we will come out on the battlements of jasper and cheer you, and perhaps if that night of this world be very quiet, you may hear our voices dropping from afar, as we cry, "Be thou faithful unto death, and thou shalt have a crown."

NO FISHIN' HERE.

How an Oil City Angler Encountered Such an Admonition.

An Oil City gentleman, who, like many others, is fond of fishing for trout, had nearly finished a long day's tramp on a stream which was strewn with cut poles, bait boxes, and other evidences of the native angler.

He had noticed, but ignored, an occasional sign tacked to a tree of "No fishing on this stream," not allowing the weather-stained admonitions to interfere with what little enjoyment he was getting. The day was nearly over and he was nearing the mouth of the stream, when he was hailed by a resident of a neighboring farm house.

"Hello, Cap'n!"

"Well?"

"Ye been fishin' up there?"

"Yes."

"Can ye read?"

"Yes."

"Did ye see that sign tellin' ye there's 'no fishin' up here?"

"Yes, and it's true, too."

Then the tired sportsman stepped on to inspect a likely hole, and it wasn't until after he had put on a fresh bait that the light seemed to break in on the farmer's understanding, who grunted and faced about for home.—Oil City Blizzard.

Worse Than Bulls.

"This almost ferocious" diversion" is how a Spanish paper alludes to the game of foot ball.—Chicago Tribune.

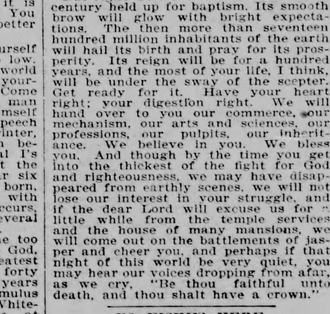
Physicians

prescribe Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites because they find their patients can tolerate it for a long time, as it does not upset the stomach nor derange the digestion like the plain oil.

Scott's Emulsion is as much easier to digest than the plain oil as milk is easier to digest than butter. Besides, the fish-fat taste is taken out of the oil, and it is almost palatable. The way sickly children, emaciated, anæmic and consumptive adults, gain flesh on Scott's Emulsion is very remarkable.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FROM MARBLE DUST.

WHERE THE SOUL OF SODA WATER IS ENTOMBED.

The Deadly Oil of Vitriol Extracts the Soothing Drink.

Few people know there is more plain soda in the polished marble slabs forming the front and top of a soda fountain than in the mysterious steel tanks left on the sidewalk by the soda water factory's wagon, and that are placed under the counter or in the cellar by the drug clerk.

Some who know that soda water is made by pouring the oil of vitriol over marble powder wonder why the drug-

gist is allowed to dispense such a poisonous fluid to the thirsty population. The oil of vitriol is the fluid that in love stories the she-devil throws into, or rather attempts to throw into the "divinely beautiful" heroine's face to ruin her beauty. If a few drops should strike her cheek it would make an uglier wound than to hold a red hot iron against it. But the heroine invariably escapes in some miraculous manner, even as the summer girl escapes though she drinks her best man's salary from the foaming soda glass.

And It is Healthy.

Good medical authority goes further and much to the discomfort of the "dear boys," who pay the bills, says that soda water is a healthy drink. It does not seem as if sulphuric acid and marble dust ought to be a very healthy beverage. To drink a thimbleful of this mixture would be a very quick way out of the world. Yet it is necessary to use marble and sulphuric acid in the manufacture of the delightful draught the ladies enjoy during the summer months.

Locked up in the crystal like atoms of marble is a large quantity of carbonic acid gas. It is compressed so by such a degree that when liberated it will occupy 300 times as much space as the original marble. This gas is what makes soda water froth and foam, and ordinary water makes it "wet."

To liberate the carbonic gas from its marble prison sulphuric acid is used. When sulphuric acid comes in contact with marble dust crystals these little bodies are literally burned and the carbonic acid gas escapes.

Just as it breaks forth from its tiny marble prisons the soda water manufacturer captures it before it has expanded and locks it up again in ten gallon steel tanks. So great is the remaining pressure that if a hole were cut in the tank one inch square and a weight of 150 pounds placed over the hole the gas in the fountain would issue with sufficient force to lift the weight. It is, therefore, easy to imagine how strong these steel tanks must be to be stand such a strain.

It is this struggle of carbonic gas to gain its freedom which sends the stream of plain soda foaming and frothing into the glass the clerk holds under the faucet.

Every lady can tell how the best flavoring extracts are made. There are some large flavoring extracting factories, but the best druggists make their own flavoring extracts.

The Genuine Merit

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla wins friends wherever it is fairly and honestly tried. To have perfect health, you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 25 cents.

ONE COINCIDENCE EXPLAINED.

A New Advertising Trick In the Book Trade Which Had Its Success.

"Have you a novel called ——, by ——?" asked a young woman of an attendant in a city library.

"No, and we never heard of the book until to-day; but we have had at least ten applicants for it since 9 o'clock this morning. I beg your pardon, but would you please tell me how you heard of that book?"

"Why," she replied hesitatingly, "I received a note from a friend telling me to read it."

"Well," he said with a smile, "the others who applied had heard of it in the same way."

The young woman looked surprised, but said nothing and passed out. A man who had overheard the conversation spoke of it to his wife that evening as a curious coincidence.

"Coincidence, fiddlesticks," she said. "Wait a moment until I show you what I received this morning." And going to her desk she brought this note for him to read:

My Dear: If you want a surprise read the book by ——. You will immediately recognize the character ——. Hastily yours, E.

"Well, I thought over all of the Ellas, Evas, Emmas, and Elizabeths of my acquaintance," she went on, "but I could not recognize the handwriting. It was a clear, round hand, but unformed, like a child's. Coincidence, indeed! It is a clear advertisement, new in the book trade, but I have seen similar letters. Four years ago a furniture firm sent out a clever imitation of a letter, written in a delicate feminine hand, dated at a country villa and addressed 'Mi chere amie.' It was a gossipy, pleasant letter, and at the end requested the friend to buy her two or three pieces of furniture, little pen-and-ink sketches of which were pinned to the corner. Of course the price and where to buy them were not overlooked."—New York Sun.

A Specimen of Bad Writing.

Harper's Young People:—More than a century ago a Massachusetts clergyman had occasion to address a letter to the General Court of Massachusetts upon some subject of great interest at that time. When the letter was received the court ordered the clerk to read it, and were filled with wrath at what appeared to be these words in opening:

'I address you not as magistrates, but as Indian devils."

"What!" they cried. "Read that over again. How does he address us?"

"Not as magistrates, but as Indian devils," repeated the clerk. "That's what he says." The letter was passed around, and the judges were by no means pleased to see that the clerk had apparently made no mistake. Very angry at what they believed to be an insult, the judges passed a vote of censure upon the clergyman, and wrote to him demanding an apology. He came before them in person, when it turned out that where the judges had read Indian devils he had written individuals—which, of course, made an apology unnecessary; but the reverend gentleman was admonished to improve his handwriting if he wished to keep out of trouble.—Harper's Young People.

Stray Whistling Buoys.

The newspapers have made note recently of whistling buoys, which are drifting about the Atlantic—some of them still whistling and likely on that account to alarm mariners. It is not often that they get away from their moorings. We could not afford to have them do so, inasmuch as they are very expensive. They cost $750 apiece. —Washington Star.

The Sunday School.

Jesus on the Cross.

LESSON VIII, MAY 26, 1895.

Golden Text: While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.—Rom. 5:8.

LESSON TEXT.

(Mark 15:22-32. Memory verses; 25-27.)

Compare John 19:17-42.

22. And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of the skull.

23. And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh: but he received it not.

24. And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, what every man should take.

25. And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

26. And the superscription of his accusation was written over, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

27. And with him they crucify two thieves; the one on his right hand, and the other on his left.

28. And the Scripture was fulfilled, which saith, And he was numbered with the transgressors.

29. And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads, and saying, Ah, thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days.

30. Save thyself, and come down from the cross.

31. Likewise also the chief priests mocking said among themselves with the scribes, He saved others; himself he cannot save.

32. Let Christ the King of Israel descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe. And they that were crucified with him reviled him.

33. And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour.

34. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani? Which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

35. And some of them stood by, when they heard it, said, Behold, he calleth Elias.

36. And one ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink, saying, Let alone; let us see whether Elias will come to take him down.

37. And Jesus cried with a loud voice and gave him up the ghost.

Illustrative Applications.

They bring him unto the place Golgotha (v. 22). Our enemies may bring us to the place of suffering, but they cannot separate us from the love of God. The power of evil may harm our bodies, but it can not bring harm to our souls unless by our own consent. We may be taken into unpropitious surroundings against our will; but neither man nor devil can force us to yield our privilege of communion with God in our realest selves.

And they offered him wine mingled with myrrh; but he received it not (v. 23). How often are there times when we need to have all our senses alert, in order to our watchfulness and fidelity in duty. At such times it were better to suffer in wakefulness than to find freedom from suffering in insensibility. Again it may be our duty to avail ourselves of helps to the temporary alleviation of pain, in order to our enduring in life a surgeon's work on our sensitive bodies. In neither case are we to decide from merely selfish considerations. Jesus would not think of himself, but of others. Just so far as we have his spirit shall we act unselfishly.

With him they crucify two robbers (v. 27). Associates forced upon us in the line of our duty or in our duty in spite of themselves either indicate or affect our character. Struggling for some reform, suffering under some misrepresentation, misjudged and beheld because of the prejudices or evil purposes of others, we may find our names coupled with the low and the vile; or our companionship may be with them for a season. But this will not in itself make us less truly children of God, nor less acceptable in God's sight. Many a saint has been in the prison-house with murderers and thieves without being contaminated thereby. Many a saint is compelled to find himself the associate of evil-doers while his conscience is void of offense, and his purposes are wholly purposes of good. Whoever is in such a plight, may take comfort from the thought that the Son of God was crucified between two robbers; and that the Son of God will never misjudge one of his disciples because of those who are on the one hand or on the other of that disciple.

The chief priests mocking him with the scribes (v. 31). It is evident that a man can be a Sunday school teacher or a superintendent, a church elder, or a deacon, or a warden, or a steward, a preacher, a doctor of divinity, or a theological professor, without being sound in doctrine or right in heart and spirit, without even being on the Lord's side in the great religious controversies of the day. If there is one lesson above another fairly taught by the relation of the leaders of the Jewish church to the crucifixion, it is that the one standard of truth and right is not the church leaders, but the Lord Jesus; not the opinions of the rabbis or of theology, but the declarations of the Son of God. Look to Jesus, learn of Jesus, follow Jesus, serve Jesus; while doing this, keep just as near the representative leaders of the church as they keep to him. But never join with the best of them in any mocking at his teachings or in any sneering at his spirit.

Let the Christ now come down from the cross, that we may see and believe (v. 32). Men who hate the gospel are always proposing some test on the strength of which they would give it their confidence; but if that test were fairly met, they would be all the more bitter in hostility to it, because of its new triumph. If Jesus had come down from the cross, his enemies would have seen to it that he was fastened on again more securely than at first. Did it remove their hostility to him when he rose from the dead? Were they any readier to believe in him then? No, no. Whatever else keeps men from believing the gospel, it is not any lack of notable wonders wrought through its power. Whatever else might bring them to give it their confidence, there would be no gain in any fresh or greater miracles in its behalf. The trouble is that men don't want to believe in Jesus; and they will always have a new excuse for refusing credence to every fresh proof of his supremacy. It is not any coming down from the cross that would satisfy the enemy of Jesus. It is a letting down of the demands of Jesus on his mind and heart that he is after.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? (v. 34). There is peculiar comfort to every child of God in the record of this piteous cry of the Son of God. It proves beyond a doubt that there is no depth of human suffering or of spiritual need that Jesus Christ did not personally fathom, in order that out of it he might gain sympathy and help and hope for any and every disciple of his in all the ages following. Jesus knows the curse of sin. Jesus knows the bitterness of the lonely sinner's heart. Jesus knows the uttermost longing of the sorrowing sinner for restored communion with God. And he who knows all this will never forsake, for a single instant, the soul that feels the need of him, and that cries out after him in loving trust.

Jesus uttered a loud voice, and gave up the ghost (v. 37). Although Jesus was crucified, he did not die from crucifixion. Death from crucifixion was a slow, dragging process; but Jesus died in full strength. He was able to utter a strong cry, and yield up his spirit to God, while he was yet in possession of his senses and his powers. He laid down his life that he might take it again. No man took it from him. It has been shown by Dr. Stroud, and by Sir James Y. Simpson, in a scientific examination of the facts in this case, that Jesus died from a broken heart in its literal sense. His heart was broken for us. He gave up his life and took it again that we might have life in him. Let us joy in his life as our life.—H. Clay Trumbell, in S. S. Times.

No Limb to Pull.

"Oh, yes," said Satan, reminiscently. "I had a definite purpose in assuming the form of a serpent when I tempted Eve. I didn't want to have my leg pulled, and you know how women are." With that the prince of darkness took a cigarette.—Detroit Tribune.

A Difference.

"In union there is strength," but there is a great difference between a labor union and a union of labor.—Texas Siftings.

ONE MINUTE PAIN CURE

QUICKEST ANTI-PAIN PLASTER.

THE BEST

FAMILY MEDICINE

She Has Ever Known. Words of Praise from a New York Lady for

AYER'S PILLS

"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. For stomach and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled.

When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach, liver, or bowels, my invariable answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in season, they will break up a cold, prevent la grippe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and are, indeed, the best all-round family medicine I have ever known."—Mrs. MAY JOHNSON, 368 Rider Avenue, New York City.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures all Blood Disorders.

A MISUNDERSTOOD ELEPHANT.

An Incident Illustrating That Animal's Sense and Affection.

The affection and sensibility of the elephant are well known. In the memoirs of the actor, Charles Young, is an anecdote which illustrates these characteristics.

Chung, a big elephant, just arrived from India, had been bought by an English manager to exhibit in a pantomime. At the first rehearsal, when Chung reached a bridge over a cascade, which he was expected to cross, he refused to step upon it, distrusting its solidity, and not without reason. In vain the angry keeper pun-

ished him by pricking him behind the ear with an iron goad. With lowered eyes and trembling limbs, the enormous animal stood in a pool of blood, motionless as a wall.

The captain of the vessel which had brought Chung over came in during the contest between the man and the elephant. He had become fond of the beast, and often fed it with dainties. The animal, as soon as he recognized his friend, approached him with a supplicating air, gently took his hand in its trunk and placed it in the bleeding wound, then held his hand up to the captain's eyes. The gesture said as clearly as words, "See how they have made me suffer."

Poor Chung appeared so unhappy that he only was touched, even the cruel keeper. To win pardon, the man ran out and brought some apples, which he offered to the elephant, but Chung disdainfully turned away. The captain, who had also fetched some fruit from Covent Garden market, came back immediately and held it out to Chung. He willingly accepted it, and, after eating, twined his trunk gently around his protector's waist.—Our Dumb Animals.

POKER IN ALASKA.

An Experience That Makes a New Yorker Want to Return to Juneau.

"A select little poker party was on in Juneau the night before I left," said a man who has just returned from Alaska to the east. "We had the same game sweetened up in good shape in a few rounds. Poker is the same in Alaska as it is in New York or Florida, only perhaps it's oftener. In the course of the game a jack pot assumed ample proportions, and a noted local player opened it with a bang. One after another laid down, and only one man stayed in to fight it out. He drew one card to fill a straight flush, while the opener stood pat. The opener pushed out a little stack of chips after the draw. His opponent threw down a bobtail flush, exclaiming:

"'If I had caught my man, I would have seen you and raised you clear to the ceiling.'

"'Well, here's your man,' said the opener, handing him the desired ace of spades, 'and now go ahead with your bluffing.'

"The other player looked at the opener in amazement. The straight flush man, for that was his hand, bet a stack of reds. The opener saw him and raised at the same time remarking:

"'Take back your chips, old man. I don't want to rob you.'

"'Rob me! Well, I guess not. You can't do it without a gun. I've got a six-shooter.'

"The opener looked dazed, and then throwing down an ace full on kings, he said:

"'Dashety-blank-blank! Of course you have. I'm the oyster, and I've been opened in shape.'

"My friend, Mr. Goodplayer had to set 'em up for the rest of the evening. Wasn't that a soft target? I'm going back to Juneau some time."

Our American belles—our American belles—
How sweet is the story their beauty tells—
They are wise belles, too, for it is their wont,
To use every day their SOZODONT,
Which sweetens breath and keeps teeth well,
No wonder we're proud of our American belles.

JUST A CITY BOY.

He Was Guying the Good Old Lady About Electric Cars.

"It's a wonder to me," said the dear old lady from the country as she stood waiting on the crossing, "that them electric cars don't run off the track sometimes."

"They do, ma'am," said the small boy at her elbow, who saw his opportunity.

"Mercy me, child, and how do the people keep from being run over?"

"They don't, ma'am. When one o' them cars goes a-whizzin' off the track there's time for ennybody to get out of the way."

"La, sakes, child! Let me get up on them steps. Now, are you telling me the truth?"

"S'hope to die, ma'am! But you ain't any safer on them steps than out in the street. When they take a notion them cars can just climb any steps in this town. Honest injun, ma'am."

The old lady turned and looked at the boy, says the Detroit Free Press. She saw a frank face, on the surface of which a few freckles floated; mild blue eyes filled with innocence, and just a twinkle of mischief. She had seen boys before and knew the trade mark. But before she had time to apply her clubbed umbrella the urchin was gyrating down the street. He had seen that expression on a woman's face before.

What He Was to Expect.

He (encouragingly)—I'm sure of one thing, my angel, you and I will never quarrel as that couple are doing.

She (with decision)—Indeed, we won't. If you speak to me as he did to her, I'll call the police.—New York Weekly.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

That Confederate Monument.

Editor Camp Fire:—Gen. Joseph A. Thayer, Department commander of Massachusetts Grand Army of the Republic, has been considerably criticized about his order regarding the Confederate monument to be dedicated at Chicago, May 30, 1895. Gen. Thayer voices the sentiments of sixteen-seventeenths of the Union veterans and members of the Grand Army. May 30 of each year was selected by the Grand Army as the day to commemorate and honor the dead, and strew with flowers the graves of the men who defended the Stars and Stripes. It has been made a holiday by the influence of the Grand Army. Thank God there are such men left among us, who, like Comrade Foraker, have the courage still left to speak out.

I, as a Union soldier, even pay a tax for the purpose of paying pensions to Confederate soldiers in the state of Alabama. I have never kicked about it, for I think it nothing but right for a state to pay maimed soldiers who fought for the state, whether in the rebellion, or other causes. Gen. Underwood, of Chicago, the Confederate Camp Commander, says: "I selected the 30th of May because it was a holiday." We can hardly blame him, because he, no doubt had the sanction of our commander-in-chief, from what we can learn from the press. But Gen. Underwood certainly don't mean to have us understand that his brother Confederates would not turn out any other day besides the 30th of May, to honor their dead.

We are not only forgetful but very forgiving. A considerable portion of the Grand Army are now making preparations to visit Atlanta and other parts of Georgia, and leave what they have remaining of the pension money in the state of Hoke Smith. Our next national encampment is going to be held in a state that never did one kind thing for the Union soldiers during the war or since, as far as I am aware. Loyal, patriotic cities of the country have been ignored and the preference given to those that do not deserve it. Comrades, is it not time we should consider our friends a little more than we do those who have been our enemies? During the last two years I have failed to hear of any great number of Confederate soldiers speak in praise of or befriend the cause of the Union soldier generally. We do not expect it, nor propose to keep up any ill feeling toward those who unfortunately made the great mistake of their lives in 1861-65. We have a great many friends who wore the gray during the war; we respect them for their present good qualifications and citizenship, not because they wore the Confederate uniform.—Sergeant 23rd Ky.

Capture of Jeff Davis.

Editor Camp Fire:—Some time ago I saw in The Blade a communication from Col. Harnden, 1st Wis. Cav., stating that he, with a detachment of the First regiment Ohio Cav., captured Jeff Davis. I send you herewith the report of the officer who did capture Davis, made at the time of his capture, viz., May 25, 1865, nearly thirty years ago, to Hon. E. M. Stanton, then secretary of war under President Lincoln. It is too late now to controvert history.—E. A. W., late of Berdan's 1st U. S. Sharpshooters, Warwick, Okla.

The Blade returns thanks for sending the report. As the above letter says, "it is to late to controvert history." The report is too long to reprint, but it is proof conclusive that Lieut. Col. Pritchard, 4th Mich. Cav., captured Davis and his party. It is of interest probably to say that this report says that Lieut. Col. Pritchard received orders to procure the disguise worn by Davis at the time of his capture, and proceed to Washington and report to Secretary Stanton. The disguise was a waterproof cloak, and a woman's shawl.—Ed. Camp Fire.

A Confederate's Talk.

Editor Camp Fire: I was on the other side long enough to appreciate a true soldier wherever I met him. I was with Pickett's division, and in the war a little more than four years. I went in as a private, and came out at Appomattox C. H. a captain of infantry; was in all the great battles of Lee's army; never could get sick in time to be conveniently absent.

Well, well, I thank God it is all over now, and as it is, I was "in it" up to my eyes while it was on, and when it was over I quit.

We old soldiers hope the Grand Army will come to Atlanta next time, and we will do all we can to make the occasion a pleasant one. Don't pay any attention to any one who says the contrary. It is all nonsense for them to we say peace, we mean it. We want business now, "and don't you forget it." No more war in ours. And yet some of us would not object to a tilt with England, or some other big fellow, just to settle the country, and keep our hands in. I do feel that we need a first-class, all over land and sea two-years' fight with England in order to settle us at home, as well as wean her from the habit of always sucking the wrong teat. By the way, our next President should be an American!—R. M. M., Oxford, Ga.

SAM JONES SCORES "TRILBY."

Preacher Criticizes the Story He Has Never Read.

Sam Jones, of Georgia, puts his feet firmly and forcibly on the neck of the Trilby cult. Incidentally he quotes William H. Crane's recent letter indorsing the stand he takes; then he pays his respects to society at large. Among other things, he says:

"I have a friend who is competent to read and give me the outline and characters of some of the later novels over which society is running wild, and I must confess that so far as my investigations have gone the most of them are filled with vulgar insinuations and infidelic tendencies. I see on the bulletin of every bookstore written 'Trilby.' I have had this novel given to me minutely, as I have had many others, by a careful reader. Trilby, the heroine, is a little street wanderer, devoid of virtue, hunting a job to strip herself and pose before an artist, without the trace of modesty or shame. She is at home among a band of rough, would-be artists in a Latin quarter. The character Svengali, a filthy, distasteful musician, brings her into a prolonged hypnotic state, imparts to her a great musical talent, and brings her on the stage as Mistress Svengali, with the insinuation to any thoughtful reader that they live together and that he acts as he chooses with her in this hypnotic state, and the book concludes with nothing I can see in any character to help or elevate, but teaches that which is vicious and infidelic and not fit to be read."

Easily Answered.

"Why, shouted the impassionate Populist orator, "is it that the wife of the American farmer lacks the happy, contented look to be found on the face of the bareheaded peasant woman of Europe?"

"Because," said the man near the door, "because the bareheaded peasant woman does not have to worry all the time about her hat being on straight."—Indianapolis Journal.

FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. Pooke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his pheasant cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone afflicted, to cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, P.D., 96 Pine St., New York.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I read with great interest the experience of ladies and gentlemen in the Dish Washer business. I am selling washers myself, and am clearing over $10 every day. I think it a duty to inform others of such opportunities, for I believe anyone, anywhere, can make $10 a day in this business, and by addressing the Climax Co., Columbus, O., you can get full particulars and begin work at once. A READER.

PATENTS.

PATENTS Lehmann, Pattison & Neal's Washington, D. C. Examinations Free. Send for circular.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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MONE

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

OUR NEW SERIALS FOR THE SUMMER.

We recognize the fact that our readers like variety in the serials we publish. In making our arrangements for the coming summer we have been mindful of this, and also of the further fact that summer reading should be of a different character from winter reading.

We propose to publish two serials during the summer—one beginning in June, the other in August. We have completed the arrangements for the first, and its title and the exact date of beginning will be given in a week or two. It is a story of entirely different type from our last serial, being full of adventure, the scene partly laid on the Atlantic during the Brazilian rebellion, and partly in South Africa. The local color is wonderful, and the story full of life and movement. The "Garden of Eden" pleased one class of our readers, while another class cared nothing for it. This new story is to please the latter class, but we trust will please the former also.

Elsewhere we announce our purpose to devote considerable space to the silver question—the most important now before the people. We propose to secure 100,000 additional subscribers for the summer, by means of a phenomenal short-time offer, which we shall make public next week or the week following. We want the help of all our subscribers—the "Old Guard" of The Blade. We shall try to make it to your interest to do so; and, besides, we know that every one of you is deeply interested in having the dispute over the currency settled, and settled right. We want The Blade to be an important factor in making the people acquainted with every phase of the question, in order that they may vote intelligently and honestly on the subject.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

For a few weeks longer, we will offer to any subscriber, when he sends the renewal of his subscription, who will remit us $1 for the Weekly Blade, a copy of not only the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, but also his choice of any of the following books:

"Reveries of a Bachelor," "Lays of Ancient Rome," "House of the Seven Gables," "Cranford," "The Coming Race," "Dream Life," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "Essays of Elia," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Twice Told Tales," "Paul and Virginia," "Story of an African Farm," "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Lucile," "Dreams," "Black Beauty," "One of the Profession," "Sartor Resartus," "The Idyls of the King," "The Pleasures of Life," "The Lady of the Lake," "Mornings in Florence," or "Rab and His Friends" All standard works, no trash.

Remember the $1 should be sent to The Blade direct, and not through an agent.

Understand, we mean exactly what we say. For one dollar mailed to us, we will send the Weekly Blade one year, a copy of either of the above-named books, and a copy of the "Nasby Letters." We believe that the above offer includes more reading matter for a dollar than it is possible to buy elsewhere on earth.

We have a few copies left of "Nasby in Exile," which we will substitute in the place of the "Nasby Letters," when desired.

SENATOR JONES'S HOPE.

Senator Jones, of Arkansas, entertains the belief that an international monetary conference will be held this year. It is said that the President will take no steps toward appointing commissioners until the United States has been formally invited to attend such a conference.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the conference will be held, for it will reveal what our friends in Europe really mean when they talk of 'bimetallism." Ex-Secretary Foster said, in a recent talk before the Toledo Chamber of Commerce, that what the English mean by "bimetallism" is that something like £50,000,000 worth of silver bullion shall be held by the Bank of England, and £1 notes be issued against it. This would be putting the Windom plan into practice; but we doubt whether anybody on this side of the Atlantic would call it "bimetallism."

The French call their system a bimetallic one, but it is exactly the same as that which we have at present. Her five-franc silver coin is a full legal tender, as is our standard dollar; she stopped coining them in 1878, and not a franc has been added to the volume of her legal tender silver since then; and this silver is held up to parity with gold in much the same way as ours. Yet nobody in the United States considers our currency system as a bimetallic one. When that monetary conference meets, it will have to define bimetallism before the different members will know what the others mean when they use the term.

Nicaragua has raised by popular subscription the $75,000 due to Great Britain. Raising the money has increased the bittter feeling in Nicaragua against the British, and a boycott of British goods by Central American states is threatened. That will mean fresh complications, and that is what John Bull desires. He wants to have some excuse to meddle with the Nicaragua canal, and get control of it evenntually.

THE DISPENSARY LAW AGAIN.

Judges Goff and Simonton, of the United States Circuit Court for the fourth circuit, in session at Columbia, South Carolina, have rendered a most important decision regarding the noted dispensary liquor law of that state. They declare unconstitutional that section prohibiting importations of liquors from points outside the state for private use. This is held to be a restriction of commerce between the states, and hence beyond the power of the state legislature to enact—as all control of interstate commerce is vested by the constitution in Congress.

This is a severe blow at one feature of the dispensary system. The state designed to abolish the element of private profit in the liquor traffic, and, by compelling all persons using liquor to purchase of the state, thus turned the profits into the state treasury, adding to the revenue without increasing taxation. By this decision of the federal court, those who so desire may purchase liquors outside the state, and import them for their own use. Two results will grow out of this:

First—The revenue of the state from the liquor traffic will be notably diminished.

Second—A very large increase in illicit sales, and the purpose of the dispensary law thus be largely nullified.

Nearly all the friction within the state caused by the dispensary law was on account of this feature—the prohibition on the importation of liquors from outside South Carolina. The main object of the insertion of this clause was to prevent illegal sales within the state. It was recognized that if liquors could come in for private parties, the illegal sale would be so great as to practically nullify the law. We may now look for an active crusade against all private persons who attempt to sell, and another period of agitation in the state over this much-discussed liquor law.

The Blade has always maintained that the one thing which makes the liquor traffic so difficult to handle is the temptingly large profits to the retail dealers. The Gothenburg system was the first of the many plans which have been used or proposed for eliminating private gain, which is certainly the one thing which, more than all others, extends the drink habit to those who otherwise would escape. For the more a saloonkeeper sells, the more money he makes; hence he endeavors to get customers, tries to induce people to drink, in order to increase his profits.

Here, then, is a problem which needs more careful study than has yet been given it—how to exclude the element of private gain for the traffic. If there were no money to be made in the retailing of liquors, nobody would go into it. There would be no trouble about the saloons, for there would be none. To eliminate this element completely would, at one stroke, Pulverize the Rum Power.

ANOTHER TWO-PART STORY.

On the fifth page of this paper we print the first half of a very charming little story, entitled "The Unknown Correspondent," which will be ended next week. It is a little story quite out of the ordinary run, and with a moral in it for both husbands and wives. What that moral is will be obvious when the second part is read.

THE DELAWARE MUDDLE.

The disgraceful candidacy of Addicks in the Delaware legislature for a seat in the United States Senate has led to a termination which will have to be settled by the Senate itself when the next Congress convenes. The joint session of the two houses of the legislature has thirty votes. But on the death of Governor Marvil, Speaker Watson, Democratic, by virtue of that office succeeded to the governorship. This left but eight Senators, and twenty-nine members in joint session. The question now is, does it require a majority of the entire number of Senators and Representatives including vacancies, or only a majority of the number actually in office, excluding vacancies?

The 211th ballot, taken just before the final adjournment of the legislature, resulted in 15 votes for Henry A. Dupont, Republican, and 14 votes divided among three other candidates. If vacant seats are not to be counted, Dupont is elected, as 15 is a majority of 29; and this is the contention of the Republicans. But if it requires a majority of the whole number of seats, then there was no election, as 15 is not a majority of 30. The latter is the contention of the Democrats.

Dupont will appeal to the Senate, and that body will have to decide the question presented above, under its constitutional power to pass upon the election and qualification of its own members. What the decision will be, no one can tell. If it decides against Dupont, then the Democratic governor will appoint a Democrat, of course, thus enabling Addicks to fulfill the threat which he made at the beginning of the contest, that if he could not get the Senatorship himself he would prevent any other Republican from getting it. Addicks needs the chastening hand of the Delaware Republicans, and we sincerely hope he and his creatures in the legislature will receive full punishment for their un-Republican course.

THEY WANT M'KINLEY.

A committee representing the Trades and Labor assembly of Chicago and the Illinois Federation of Labor, journeyed to Columbus on Friday last to formally invite Governor McKinley to deliver an address at Chicago on July 4. The letter to the governor, signed by the heads of these organizations, contains this very significant paragraph:

We respectfully urge upon you the acceptance of an invitation. The time has come when the organized labor of the United States is determined to demonstrate in tones too emphatic to be misunderstood its loyalty to America and her free institutions. Assuring your excellency that an acceptance of our invitation will be hailed with patriotic enthusiasm by the millions of sons and daughters of toil, we have the honor to be your excellency's obedient servants and well-wishers.

We take this invitation to mean that the workingmen of Chicago are getting their eyes opened to the fact to which they have too long been blind—that the tariff question in its last analysis is one of wages, and that the protective policy, more than any other, conserves the best interests of the wage-earners. It has always been a mystery to us that the so-called labor element has not always stood solidly in favor of protection. Perhaps it needed the severe lesson of experience to prove the truth of the contention of the Republicans in favor of the protective doctrine.

The girl who knows a soft thing when she sees it rejects the dude.

DEMOCRATIC TARIFF INCONSISTENCIES.

The more this country gets of the Democratic tariff the more its unsatisfactory qualities become apparent. The latest reports showing details of its operations indicate that the people of this country who paid duty on 41 per cent of the foreign goods brought into the country under the McKinley law are paying a duty on 54 per cent of the goods brought in under the new Democratic tariff. Of the goods which came in free of duty under the McKinley law 65 per cent were articles of food, such as everybody must have, while of the goods which come in free of duty now only 35 per cent are articles of food.

The articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc., which now come in free of duty are nearly four times as great in quantity as under the McKinley law. Manufactured articles ready for consumption, which under the McKinley law formed barely fifteen per cent of the importations are now practically double in quantity what they were, and form a larger percentage of the whole than before. The importation of luxuries has increased over fifty per cent, while the articles of food imported have fallen off twenty-five per cent.

During the seven months ended April 1 the importations of articles free of duty only amounted to $204,000,000, against $217,000,000 in the corresponding months of the preceding year under the McKinley law, while during the same period the importations of goods on which a duty was charged were $221,000,000 against only $153,000,000 in the corresponding months under the McKinley law.

Such are a few of the inconsistencies of the Democratic tariff, which ended its eighth month on May 1, but the details of whose seventh month, ending April 1, have just emerged from the bureau of statistics of the treasury, which makes them public with extreme hesitation, and only because it is a duty, once begun, not to be abandoned.

In one particular only has the new law redeemed its promise, that of free raw material. The importations in this line have nearly doubled. Yet the manufacturer and workman will learn with interest that the importation of every class of manufactured articles has increased enormously, both under the free and dutiable lists. Under the free list the manufactured articles for use in manufacturing increased 33 per cent, as they did also under the dutiable list. The manufactured articles for consumption increased about fifty per cent, both under the dutiable and free lists. As for the articles of voluntary use, luxuries, etc., which really are manufactured articles, the increase has been something enormous, especially under the free list. On the other hand, the articles of food which come in free have been cut down almost one half, and the quantity coming in under the dutiable list more than doubled. So the working people who were dependent upon the manufacturing industries of the country, directly or indirectly, for support, may as well understand that the manufacturers will have an increase of 50 per cent in foreign made goods to compete with, at lower tariff rates, while the people themselves must pay higher rates for the necessary articles of food they obtain from abroad, since the free importations of this class have fallen one half, and the dutiable importations doubled.

A CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

The success of the Parliament of Religions, which was such a feature of the many gatherings of all kinds at Chicago during the World's Fair, is probably the motive which has led to the calling of a Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education, to be held at Toronto, Canada, July 18 to 25. A copy of the announcement of this gathering has been received by The Blade, from which we learn that it will be composed of "representative laymen and clergymen from every country, province and state of North and South America, including Protestants, Roman Catholics and Hebrews," and that accredited delegates are expected from all county and state governments, as well as churches, educational and charitable institutions.

Among the noted religious men of the United States who have promised their presence and co-operation we find the names of Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul; Rev. H. W. Bennett, D. D., Akron, O.; Rev. Bishop Mahlon N. Gilbert (Episcopal), Minnesota; Rev. Bishop J. H. Vincent, Chautauqua (Methodist Episcopal); Rev. Bishop J. F. Hurst, Washington (Methodist Episcopal); President William R. Harper, Chicago university; Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus, Rev. Dr. Arthur Edwards, Chicago.

A board of commissioners has the interests of the Congress in charge, one for each state or country, who looks to securing the appointment of delegates therefrom. The Congress will be divided into the following sections: Authors, editors and publishers; educational section, including colleges, academies, seminaries and schools; philanthropic section, including hospitals, asylums, orphanages, homes, reformatories, etc. To this section the state, county and municipal governments are invited to send specially accredited delegates. Woman's section, including temperance work and rescue work; denominational section; young people's section, including young people's societies, Sunday schools, kindergartens, missionary societies, etc.

The Congress will meet in general session each forenoon and evening, while the afternoons will be devoted to meetings of the sections separately. The arrangements are such that extremely interesting meetings may be expected. Toledo should be represented in this Congress, and The Blade is glad to call the attention of her churches, educators, Sunday school workers, philanthropic women, and city authorities to the plan.

Those who have been asserting that the Morgan-Rothschild bond syndicate is engaged in an attempt to corner the gold market, claim to have fresh evidence that the syndicate has been buying about two-thirds of the output of fine gold in the United States, paying a premium of 1-8 to 1-2 cent. They are said to have been purchasing gold at the rate of about $2,500,000 to $2,000,000 a month. The reason assigned for this action is that the syndicate desires to be in position to take another bond issue if another should become necessary. It is not wise to get too greatly excited over these assertions. The gold supply is too great for even the syndicate, backed by the Rothschilds, to corner it.

Treasury officials see in the purchase of gold by the Morgan-Rothschild syndicate nothing that looks like a corner. They think it quite likely that the syndicate may have been compelled to pay a premium for gold purchased to cover foreign bills of exchange, in order to carry out its agreement to protect the treasury against withdrawals of gold for export.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOL ISSUE.

Now that the legislature of Manitoba has reassembled, the eyes of every one in the Dominion of Canada are turned toward Winnipeg, to await its action in the matter of the answer to be made to the order of the Dominion government concerning separate schools for Roman Catholics. The circumstances of the case are so little known that a brief resume of them may be useful in order that the action which the Manitoba government shall take may be clearly understood.

Before Manitoba was admitted as a province into the Canadian confederation the vast majority of the people were of the Catholic faith. It was expressly stated in the constitution that it should be permitted to run its Catholic parochial schools at the expense of the public funds. That is to say, the denominational system of education prevails in Manitoba the same as in England to-day. The non-sectarian system, as the public school system of the United States is known, is not found there. Any denomination,—Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, can be started when the standard of excellence reaches the grade required by law, and the school is supported out of the public fund.

At the time Manitoba became a province nearly all the denominational schools were Catholic, and were supported by the public in general. But after the country became a province the immigration of Protestants set in, and the influx soon became so great that trouble arose over the school question, for the Protestants object to allowing the Catholic parochial schools to be supported out of the public treasury, and demand that a public school system shall be established similar to that of the United States.

The anti-Catholic element finally got control of the Manitoba government, and proceeded to carry out their ideas, cutting off the Catholic parochial schools from public support. The Catholics apealed to the Dominion government at Ottawa and after much haggling, and the reference of the matter to the Imeprial government at London, which referred it back to Ottawa, the latter issued an order on March 21 last, setting forth that the Roman Catholics of Manitoba have a right to build, maintain and equip, manage, conduct and support Roman Catholic separate schools in a manner provided by the statute, which was repealed by the province in 1890. The Roman Catholics have also a right under the order to share proportionately in any grant made out of the public funds for the purpose of education. The Roman Catholics who contribute to separate schools are exempted from the payment of any public moneys to other schools. And the Manitoba government was directed to carry out this order.

Premier Greenway, of Manitoba, decided to play a waiting game. He adjourned the legislature, in the belief that the Dominion parliament would again deal with the matter. But so far it has not taken it up, and the Manitoba legislature is again in session, and the matter must now come to a head. All the signs point to a most energetic refusal to obey the order of the Dominion government, and that Premier Greenway will dissolve the legislature and appeal to the people in a new election to indorse his refusal.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

Business is improving steadily, and on broad lines. All signs point to the permanency of its revival, which constantly assumes a more pronounced scale. The only feature which threatens any interruption of its progress is the restlessness of organized labor, which at this time of year generally moves in the direction of shorter hours and higher wages. One of the most cheering signs in this connection, however, is the fact that wages have been advanced in a number of establishments in the iron industry, and it hardly appears probable that there will occur any such derangment of industry and commerce such as we unfortunately experienced last year.

As business improves the financial condition responds along the same lines. It is just two years ago since the financial panic struck the country—the week ending May 6, 1893. Bradstreet's says that in the stock market during that week Cotton Oil fell 14 points, Sugar 40, Tobacco 22, Chicago Gas 26, General Electric 41, Lead 11, Rubber 20, and Cordage 47. It may be news to some that all these stocks are now considerably higher than they then were, some having even more than doubled in value. These, it will be noted, are all "industrial" stocks; and so it is seen that they lead in the business revival, as they led the decline in value two years ago.

In the world of finance the most favorable sign is the growing confidence, not only at home but abroad, in the soundness of our national finances. The gold reserve in the Treasury is steadily increasing, and is now up to $96,000,000. European financiers feel assured that no such change in our monetary standard as would come from the adoption of the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 is possible, and have begun to buy our stocks freely. Enormous blocks of American securities, not only of national bonds but of railroad shares, have lately been made. It is estimated in New York that fully $70,000,000 have been bought in London within the past few weeks, since the European buying began. This has had the effect of causing a sharp decline in the rates of foreign exchange, which is now so low that gold shipments from Europe to America may be expected to begin at any time.

Collis P. Huntington will not go to San Francisco to answer that indictment. The writ of removal was denied, but on a technicality, and a ruling thereon which is not to be commended for its soundness. It was argues by counsel that the interstate commerce law prohibited only actual transportation on free passes, and that Mr. Huntington had not violated its provisions in granting a pass that was not used, and the court sustained the point. But the intent of the man who commits an unlawful act is a legitimate matter to be considered by a court, and it is clear that when Mr. Huntington granted the free pass he intended to violate the interstate commerce law, and the accidental circumstance of the pass not being used should not free him from the penalty.

Senator Brice has issued a circular letter to Ohio Democrats protesting against the adoption of the state convention of any resolution favoring free silver. This is merely a warning to the headstrong among them that Brice has a mortgage on the party in Ohio, and that he proposes to foreclose it.

We are all admiring Japan these days, but we don't want her to meddle with Hawaiian affairs.

The farmers just now are fighting potato bugs rather than gold bugs.

THE ALL-ABSORBING SILVER QUESTION.

It needs no prophet to tell the readers of The Blade that the silver question is now the one issue of most absorbing interest to the American people. It is not too much to say that unless there is a decided change in public sentiment—which is very unlikely indeed—the Presidential campaign of next year will be decided on this issue.

The question must be settled.

It must be settled right.

We all know that sometimes a theory is very attractive, yet when put in practice it fails utterly. Did any voter who felt impelled in 1892 to vote for Cleveland and free trade imagine that the brilliant theory would prove to be the means of bringing the two years of distress and hard times from which we are now slowly emerging?

So, when we say the silver question must be settled right, we mean that it must be settled in the interest of the welfare and prosperity of the whole people.

As it is to be settled by the votes of the people, it is an absolute necessity that the voters shall understand the question—shall study both sides—shall weigh carefully the arguments pro and con—so that they may vote intelligently, and with a full understanding of what the results will be.

Is not this the correct view?

The Blade proposes to devote considerable space during the summer, beginning within a few weeks, to the discussion of this burning question in a broad, fair-minded spirit. We shall make The Blade's columns a forum in which the leaders of both sides shall state the case from their standpoint, and present their arguments.

We are now arranging for a series of plain, clear papers, prepared by the

LEADERS OF BOTH SIDES,

which will set forth both sides as forcibly and plainly as possible. We shall have papers by statesmen known all over the United States, men of national reputation.

We shall also discuss these papers editorially as they appear, and state what we believe to be the correct view.

Nothing like this series will appear in any other newspaper. It will be the most valuable discussion of the question which has yet appeared.

We shall soon make a full announcement of the papers, and give the names of the writers.

"Coin's Financial School."

The little book under the above title is having a phenomenal run. It presents the "free silver" side of the controversy. Many of its readers believe its every statement; many others doubt, and desire more light upon various points.

We have simply been deluged with letters asking all kinds of questions about "Coin." We propose to take the little book up chapter by chapter, give light on the points inquired about, and adding matter which will complete the argument of the book in much fuller form than probably could be done without making the book too large.

AN AMERICAN SEA-DOG.

Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce from the New York Tribune of Friday last an interview with Rear Admiral Meade, which has stirred the political waters at Washington to their depths. The bluff old sea-dog handled the present incapable and truckling administration at Washington without gloves, and great is the tow-row he has created in the White House and among the fossils of the Navy and State departments. Especially did his remark that he is "an American and an Union man," with the comment that "those are two things this administration can not stand," stir up the wrath of the Democratic ex-Confederate secretary of the navy, Herbert, who deems it aimed at himself. Whether the remark was meant to have a personal bearing we do not know; but it is a just criticism on the present administration as a whole, and Admiral Meade's utterance is indorsed by thousands and tens of thousands of patriotic Americans on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line.

Of course Meade will be called on for an "explanation" of the interview, and it is intimated that this will lead to a court of inquiry, if not a court-martial. But not the red tape in the Navy Department, and not all the maundering over the matter can alter the fact that Secretary Herbert has been meddling like a fussy old woman with Admiral Meade until the fleet in the West Indies was really demoralized by the secretary's continual censuring the admiral for trivial matters. Nor can any verdict or finding alter the respect and admiration of the American people for Rear Admiral Meade.

Secretary Morton has written a letter to a Denver man answering some of the criticisms on his recent interview. He says that as he understands it, those who talk of "the crime of 1873" are mixed in their dates, as silver was really "demonetized" in 1853. He is entirely correct in this statement. Any one who will turn to the files of the Congressional Globe for that year, and read the debates on the coinage acts of February 21 and March 3, 1852, will find that it was admitted and urged that those acts were a definite abandonment, in practical effect, of the attempt to maintain the double standard, and that they were passed with a full knowledge that they meant the gold standard.

The movement in Newfoundland for confederation with Canada is said to have been practically abandoned, and the government will attempt to sustain itself by retrenchment. What Newfoundland needs most is to drive out the fellows in power who have recklessly squandered the governmental income.

Why do we never hear of people being "hypnotized" into doing some good and proper act? It is always the reverse—and this leads to a strong suspicion of humbug.

Who is the "good Western man" who will lead the Democrats in the Presidential campaign of 1896? He should reveal his identity.

As soon as Nicaragua settles that little bill John Bull will tackle Venezuela. Why don't you take somebody of your own size, John?

NEXT YEAR'S PLATFORMS.

The New York Times has a long and interesting article which endeavors to forecast, so far as is now possible, the probable attitude of the national conventions of the two great parties next year. In its summing up, the Times arrives at the somewhat unexpected conclusion that both Democrats and Republicans will declare for sound money.

Each of the leading parties will be represented in national convention by 906 delegates, chosen by 44 states and seven territories. The temporary organization of the Republicans and that of the Democrats will be in the hands of the free silverites, because so constituted by the national committee of each party. But when it comes to voting for a platform the sound money Republicans will outvote their silver friends overwhelmingly, by something like the following figures: For sound money, 584; for free silver, 322. The Democrats, on this issue will stand: For sound money, 473; for free silver coinage, 433. The sound money strength is expected to exceed the estimated vote given above.

The article further alleges that California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming, casting 49 electoral votes, will sustain a separate free silver coinage candidate. That would leave 395 electoral votes to be divided between the Republican and Democratic candidates for the Presidency.

It will require 223 votes in the electoral college to give a majority of the told electoral vote. The sure Republican states have 184 electoral votes. New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana—which the Times considers doubtful states—will all be carried by the Republicans; and their 67 electoral votes, added to the 184 the Times concedes them, make a Republican total of 251 votes, or 29 more than is necessary for a choice.

But suppose the Democrats should carry these states—a most unlikely contingency—they will still fall short of the number necessary for a choice, when the House of Representatives will have to elect the President, who would, in that case, undoubtedly be a Republican. So the prospect is very bright for Republican success in any event. However, we shall see what we shall see in 1896.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"Pa," said the small boy, "what are the penalties of greatness?"

Well," replied the eminent officeholder, with a sigh, "one of them is having the income tax collector know, offhand, just how much money you get a year."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Hardduppe—John, the butcher from whom we used to live has found out our address. He called with last year's bill, and was real impertinent.

Mr. Harduppe (hotly)—Impertinent, was he? Well, now, we'll just let him wait for his money!—Puck.

Teezer—When was the first beer made?

Weezer—I don't know. When was it?

Teezer—I reckon it was in the ark. Anyhow the kangaroo went in with hops and the bear was bruin.—Atlanta Constitution.

Jinks—There's a man whose motto is "Pay as you go."

Winks—An excellent motto. Who is he?

Jinks—He's a railroad president and never gives passes.—New York Weekly.

Magistrate—The evidence shows that you threw a rock at a man.

Mrs. McDuff—An' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"There is a chance for everybody," said the preacher to the stranger. "Look up and be hopeful. Cast away your cares, and you can find salvation."

"No," replied the stranger, sadly. "I can't find salvation."

"Everybody who seeks can find," said the preacher. "Why cannot you?"

"O," cried the stranger, bursting into tears, "I can't find anything. I'm a New York detective."—Texas Siftings.

Hoax—Old Soak went fishing yesterday, and couldn't even catch his breath.

Joax—That's funny. It was baited.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Comonstock—But is the Count gifted with common sense?

Daughter (indignantly)—I should hope not, papa. He's a nobleman.—Boston Post.

Dr. Fogg—Young man, I am afraid I shall not see you in heaven.

Irreverent Youth—Cheer up, doctor; you are not so wicked as that.—Good Company.

"How do you happen to be called Jack?"

"Oh, it's just a nickname."

"I didn't know but that it was an abbreviation."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gilley—I'm so ashamed of Cholly, doncherknow.

Goslin—What's the paw fellow done now?

Gilley—He persists in saying valise instead of portmanteau.—Truth.

"I guess," said the sharp-nosed girl, "that I will take the wind out of her sails."

"Why," asked the fluffy girl, "don't you be up to date and say take the wind out of her tires?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Young Horse—A woman is driving me now, and I can never understand what she wants me to do.

Old Horse—That's easy. A lot of jerks backward on the reins means that she wants you to go ahead.—Good News.

Wife—Why, Charles, what do you mean by burning our old love letters?

Husband—I have been reading them, my dear, and it occurred to me that after I die some one who wished to break my will might get hold of them.—Harlem Life.

High, diddle, diddle,
The poor's in the middle,
And they won't get out of it soon;
The cat and the fiddle
Have gone to see the sport,
And beef jumps over the moon.
—Detroit Free Press.

A gentleman who was traveling from the North had occasion to stop at a country village some fifty miles from London.

Having a few hours to spare he went round inspecting the places of interest in the neighborhood to pass the time pleasantly away.

About midday the bell of the village church began tolling.

His curiosity was aroused, he stopped a boy who happened to be passing at the time and said:

"Can you tell me, my little man, why that bell is tolling?"

"Course I can," said the promising rustic. "'Cause the sexton's pulling the rope."—London Spare Moments.

Teacher—Have you finished your composition on what little boys should not do in school?

Little Johnny—Yes'm.

Teacher—Read it.

Little Johnny (reading)—Little boys, when at school, should not make faces at the teacher and should not study too hard, 'cause it makes them nearsighted; and should not sit too long in one position, 'cause it makes their backs crooked, and should not do long examples in 'rithmetic, 'cause it uses up their pencils too fast.

Little Paul was sent with a bunch of Flowers to a lady on her birthday, and waited in silence after he had been dismissed.

Lady—Well, my little man, what are you waiting for now?

Paul—Mamma said I was not to ask for a piece of birthday cake, but wait till I got it.

"Why," asked the philosopher, "why is it that a man—the noblest created object—why is it that a man should have such doubts of his ability to win a woman's affection, when he considers the success in that line of a pop-eyed, paddle-shaped, pretzel-tailed pug dog?"

But the assembled listeners answered him not.

Judge—This makes the tenth time you've been here in the past six month, and I've given you a sentence every time.

Prisoner—Yes, your honor.

Judge—Now, I don't know what to do with you.

Prisoner—Suppose, your honor, you vary the monotony by letting me off once.

"Don't you think the man who marries for money is a fool?"

"Yes, unless he gets it in advance."—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Dhaubai Fardoujee Banajee, an Indian woman, caried off the first prize in the Bombay Association of Artists. She went to Paris to complete her studies, and one of her picteres was accepted by the committee of the salon.

It is announced that the young Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, will make a visit to England. She will stay for a while with the Duchess of Albany, and afterward with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. She will be accompanied by her mother, the queen regent.

In one district of Bohemia the girls go into a field of peas and make there a garland of five or seven kinds of flowers, all of different hues. The garland they must sleep upon, lying with their right ear upon, and then they hear a voice from underground which tells them what manner of men they will have for husbands.

As "Le Petit Lord," "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has just had a hearing in Paris. It met with immediate success, which seems strange when one reflects upon the highly seasoned productions to which the Parisian theatrical palate is accustomed. Perhaps the complete contrast was the key to its success. Through some curious mistake, the author's name appeared upon the programme as "Monsieur Francis Burnett."

Ibsen and the bicycle hardly appear compatible. Yet Elizabeth Robbins, who is the best known interpreter of Ibsen on any stage, and who has played the heroine in most of Ibsen's works that have been put on in London, is the same Elizabeth Robbins Pennell who with her husband made a bicycling tour through England when the improved tandem came around a few years ago, after which the pair wrote a clever book of the tour.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse to commemmorate the recent birth of her little daughter, who is, by the way, the English queen's nineteenth grandchild, will present hereafter to every female servant in the duchy who can show a record of twenty-five years' service in one family a gift that cannot fail to be a coveted and much enjoyed one by its recipient. This is a beautiful gold cross, with an inscription, 'For Twenty-five Years' Faithful Service," and a further adornment of a prettily designed monogram formed of the initials of the grand duchess.

Miss Grace Harriman has issued, in pamphlet form, six lectures upon "Tomato and Fruit Growing for Women," which she gave at the forestry exhibition, Earl's Court, in 1893. She is now both a practical fruit grower and a country council lecturer at Sawley, near Derby, England, and her own experience justifies her desire to see many women following her example. She shows how a woman's small plot of ground can be worked to profit, and gives valuable instructions on the details of horticulture. She thinks it is wise not to take more than half an acre in hand at first. Upon this a cottage, tomato house, poultry yard and fruit plantation may be planted.

Jessie, Queen Victoria's own riding mare is still a pet with her majesty, although the riding days of the queen have long been past. Jessie is 27 years old, but she has not lost her beauty, and when her royal mistress is at Windsor the black mare with the white cross on her forehead is trotted out for the queen's inspection every fine day. Another pet kept at Windsor is the Egyptian donkey, Tewfik, brought from Cairo and presented to the queen by Lord Wolseley. It is much larger than the ordinary English donkey and has a white coat and abnormally long ears. The queen owns a number of donkeys on her different estates and each one lives in company with a horse. The companions are said to be almost always devoted friends.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

An organization of women opposed to the extension of suffrage has been formed in New York, of which Mrs. George Phillips, of No. 169 East Sixtieth street, is secretary, and to whom business communications may be addressed.

Premier place in the Queen's scholarship (women) list for England and Wales was taken this year by Miss Jessie Tomlinson, of Stoke Newington. There were 9,000 candidates. For several years the honor had gone to Liverpool.

Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, Mass., one of the few living veterans of the anti-slavery conflict, who espoused the cause of the slave almost at the outset of the contest, and who remained actively in the conflict to the end, celebrated his 85th anniversary last week.

A Brattleboro 5-cent postage stamp, black on buff, was sold for $500 recently in London. Three St. Louis 10-cent stamps brought $90 and $95 apiece. Other high prices were: Moldavia, 108 parasas, blue on pink, $155; Spain, 2 reals, red, of 1851, $165; of 1852, $100; Tuscany, 3 lire, yellow, $130; British Guiana, 8-cent, green, $100 and $120; two 4-cents, primrose, $90 each, while an 8-cent green and 4-cent orange on the same envelope fetched $900.

The statue to Emma Willard to be erected by her old pupils on the grounds of the seminary that bears her name, in Troy, will be unveiled May 16. Work is to be begun this week on the foundation. The sculptor has represented Mrs. Willard as she was in 1821, when, at the age of 34, she founded the celebrated school. Singularly enough, the attire of the figure in the mode of 70 years ago, is not much unlike the present revived styles of woman's dress. The wide sleeves and full skirts are almost exactly similar.

You can sell almost anything if you only know how. A young Englishman in Boston, anxious to increase a somewhat narrow income, left word at several teachers' agencies that he would undertake to teach the true English accent to Bostonians ambitious of bettering their speech. He actually obtained two pupils. One of them, a grave, middle-aged man, quit his studies after two lessons because of a disagreement with his teacher. The other, a young girl who was deeply anxious that her parents should not know of her new line of study, was for some time a source of profit to the teacher.

SOME LITTLE ODD BITS.

A Victoria cross once changed hands in Durham, England, for $125.

According to English authority, the bankruptcies in England and Wales average 129 weekly.

The average life of a locomotive is said to be about fifteen years, and the earning capacity $300,000.

When the English sparow-hawk is flying toward its dinner, it cleaves space at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

Over 800 British criminals have been executed in England since the accession of Queen Victoria.

In 1893 12,122,311 bushels of buckwheat were raised, ground into meal and made into cakes, to be duly served with butter.

The directors of the Austrian railroads had a locomotive constructed which makes a run of 74 miles an hour.

The brain of woman is absolutely smaller than that of man, but it is stated to be somewhat larger in proportion to the weight of the body.

Hair from the heads of criminals, paupers and dead people in China constitutes an article of export in that empire amounting to $200,000 yearly.

The Berlin Street Car company paid $25,000 into the treasury of the city for the privilege of crossing the principal avenue, Unter den Linten, at one point.

The chief exponents of music in Japan are women. Most men would consider that they were making themselves ridiculous by playing or singing in society.

A curious burial custom exists in Assam. All corpses are lowered from the roofs with ropes, it being contrary to the laws of the country to carry a dead body through a door.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Ex-Speaker Crisp is at Asheville, N. C., for his health.

The New York police organization bill has reached the state senate.

The American Express company has declared a 5 per cent dividend.

Republican members of the Nashville legislature refused to take part in the inauguration of Gov. Turney.

Kansas Democrats do not know whether to name a candidate for chief justice, or not.

Atchison, Kan., reported the mercury at 105 degrees in the shade on Thursday.

Douglass county Democrats selected a free silver delegation to the Illinois state convention.

The trial of Police Inspector Laughlin for accepting bribes, has commenced in New York.

A riot is feared at the trial through Williams, the murderer of Ben Moore, at Washita, Oklahoma.

Hon. A. H. Hamilton, Indiana pioneer, and prominent in politics, died at Ft. Wayne Thursday night.

Heavy wind storms in Northern California on Thursday did considerable damage to the fruit crops.

Minister Terrell, of Turkey, has started for a tour through Egypt and Syria.

Russia, France and Germany are about to increase their naval forces in the China sea.

Thirteen cholera patients have died within a month on the Pescadore islands, near Japan. The epidemic is now subsiding.

John Laurence O'Toole, the English actor, is suffering from a paralytic stroke at London.

The governor general of San Juan province, Porto Rico, has, upon authority from Spain, abated 25 per cent of the loading tax on sugar and molasses exported from the island.

Newton S. Fuller, professor of Latin at Ripon, Wis., college, died of consumption at Colorado Springs Thursday.

Michigan women suffragists held their annual meeting at Saginaw. Mrs. May Stocking Knaggs, Bay City, was elected president.

E. R. Walter, who forged names to the Midland railroad pay-roll and drew the money, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

The United Brethren church now numbers 225,000 members, according to the reports of the meeting of bishops at Ft. Wayne.

The Emerson school, Duluth, was struck by lightning, but although the desks and blackboards were splintered, no one was hurt.

George Childress, cashier of the National Bank of Columbia, Nashville, has pleaded guilty to embezzlement. He will serve five years.

Wisconsin has experienced the hottest May weather in its history during the past ten days, the mercury ranging from 85 to 98.

A receiver has been appointed for the Alabama Iron and Steel company, at Briarfield, Ala. It is one of the largest concerns in the south.

H.

The Flag That Custer Died For at the Little Big Horn.

This Tattered Relic of One of the Most Awful Massacres in the Long and Bloody Frontier History of This Country Was Found on the Field After the Custer Massacre and is on Exhibition at Detroit.

THE UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT

A Romance That Ended Contrary to Sound Ethics But Yet Most Happily.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

Mrs. Chalfant was a misunderstood woman. So two of her intimate friends constantly assured her; and as they were women in whose opinion as to other matters she had not the slightest respect, she implicitly believed them. Moreover, she constantly told herself that there was no one who really understood her, and she felt sure that she was a truthful woman, who could not tell herself a lie. Being thus misunderstood, she was lonely and wretched. Her husband was kind to her, and she conceded that he was a good, honest sort of fellow according to his lights; but she was perfectly certain that he had never known her as she really was, and that he was incapable of entering into the noble thoughts and lofty aspirations that filled her soul.

Mrs. Chalfant had married her husband under the delusion that she loved him. At the time she never dreamed that he was incapable of understanding her, and in fact it never occurred to her that there was any necessity that she should be understood. But gradually she found that she and her husband did not think alike as to quite a number of things, and of course she saw that he must be wrong. The divergence between them began over a volume of Emerson's Essays. Mrs. Chalfant believed that she was a woman of excellent literary taste, and she held very pronounced views as to the writers whom she liked or disliked. John Chalfant was an author in a small way; that is to say, he had written verses and stories which the magazines had published; and though he was a modest man in some respects he had never the slightest doubt that his opinion as to any book was infallible. So when he told his wife that "Emerson's Essays" were windy nonsense, and she assured him that they were divine wisdom, a discussion began which ended in something very nearly resembling anger on both sides. She had never thought much of her husbands' stories and his verses she always disliked, on the ground that they were rough in form, and lacking the delicate sentiment; and when she found that he did not like Ouida, and cared nothing for Mrs. Browning, and actually said that George Eliot was tedious, and that Zola was a great moralist, she was compelled to believe that he was incapable of appreciating what was refined and noble, and was a man of essentially and hopelessly coarse tastes.

At the end of two years of married life the Chalfants had grown far apart. Mrs. Chalfant thought her husband coarse and dull—a man wholly unfit to be the husband of a woman of rare genius and exquisite tastes—while he thought her silly and conceited; and each knew the other to be intolerant, and occasionally irritable. She saw but little of him, and found her chief pleasure in the society of the two or three women who accepted her at her own estimate of herself, and who flattered her, and sympathized with her as a neglected and misunderstood wife. John Chalfant still wrote stories and verses, but he never showed them to his wife, well knowing that she despised them, and thought him a miserable pretender to authorship. And so a husband and wife who might have been happy together built up day by day a high r and broader wall of separation between them.

Chalfant had sincerely loved his wife and their estrangement was a bitter grief to him. It was lightened, however, by the counter-irritation of the wound to his self-love which her contemptuous treatment of his literary efforts inflicted. There grew up in him a fierce desire to prove that he was not a mere writer of commonplace stories and verses that were only the echo of Browning's verse. He determined to write a novel which even his wife must admire; for in spite of the contempt which he felt for her critical judgment, it was her good opinion more than that of all the world besides which he valued. He did write a novel, and as he wrote it in the fever of his wounded heart he wrote a book that, for him, was an astonishly good one. There was plenty of sentiment in it; for did he not want to prove that when his wife said that he was incapable of sentiment she utterly misunderstood him? Indeed, many of the critics found that the sentiment too frequently degenerated into gush; but for all that the book was undeniably clever, and it made a hit. Chalfant had published it with the name of "Arthur Hallick" as the author, for he feared that it might be a failure, and in that case he did not wish that his wife should know that he had failed; but when its success was beyond all doubt, he delayed to make public his authorship of the book in order to enjoy a little longer the delicious feeling that he could in a moment, if he chose, prove to his wife that he was capable of writing a book that she could admire. For he had seen her reading his novel, and had seen the tears fall from her eyes. Moreover, when he had asked her "What have you there?" she had replied, "A book that you would sneer at. I love it." Nothing that the critics had said had given John Chalfant the thrill of joy that this contemptuous remark of his wife gave him.

She reread the book until she knew it almost by heart. She grew to feel as if the writer had been shown to her for years, and that he was the one man whom she could love with her whole heart. One day in her loneliness she yielded to a sudden impulse, and wrote him a letter. She told him she admired him, and how sure she was that they two were capable of understanding one another. She wrote briefly; but as she felt strongly, she expressed herself with a force and warmth that was something new to her. She signed the letter, which she had written in a carefully disguised hand, with an assumed name, and asked earnestly for an answer. Then, directing it to "Arthur Hallick," in care of his publishers, she hastened to post it before she should repent the rashness of the step she had taken. In writing the letter she had no idea of doing anything inconsistent with what she considered her duty to her husband. She hardly thought that there would be an answer to it, and if there were, there would be no harm in it. In all probability she would never meet the man whom she so greatly admired, and even if she did, he would never know who had been his correspondent. The letter had been a relief to her at the moment of writing it. That was all that would ever come of it.

Chalfant carried the letter in his pocket for two days, and read it at least a dozen times. He told himself that he read it so often, not because it praised his book, but because it was useful to him as an acute and unbiased criticism. He could not make up his mind whether he would answer it or not; but at the end of the second day he decided that there could be no possible harm in answering it, and that, indeed, he would be guilty of an unpardonable piece of rudeness if he failed to thank the writer for her kind and encouraging words. His married life had, however, made him cautious; and, though he contemplated nothing more serious than a courteous answer, he, in his turn, wrote in a hand that he was sure no one would recognize as his own.

(Concluded Next Week.)

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN.

Schumann's mother was gifted in music.

Chopin's mother was as delicate as himself.

Gounod's mother was fond of painting and music.

John Quincy Adams said, "All that I am my mother made me."

Spohr's mother was an excellent judge of music, but no musician.

Milton's letters often allude to his mother in the most affectionate terms.

Wordsworth's mother had a character as peculiar as that of the gifted son.

Raleigh said that he owed all his politeness of deportment to his mother.

Goethe pays several tributes in his writings to the character of his mother.

Mohammed revered his mother and inculcated similar reverence in his followers.

St. Augustine, in his books, speaks of the debt of gratitude he owed to his mother.

Haydn dedicated one of his most important instrumental compositions to his mother.

Sydney Smith's mother was a clever conversationalist and very quick at repartee.

Von Ranke's mother was literary and the author of several essays and other works.

The character of Washington's mother is too well known to need more than an allusion.

One of the few redeeming traits in the character of Henry VIII. was his respect for his mother.

Gibbon's mother was passionately fond of reading and encouraged her son to follow her example.

Coleridge reverenced his mother. He once said, "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive."

The mother of Lord Cornwallis did not, at first, favor the idea of a military career for her son.

Mozart's mother was a delicate, spiritueile creature, who, it was said, seemed more soul than body.

It is said that the mother of Charles Darwin had a decided taste for all branches of natural history.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

New Cure for Consumption.

A lady who was dying of consumption last summer is well now. She was struck by lightning, and since has steadily gained in health.

A Fallacy.

Early rising, according to the "British Medical Journal," is a fallacy.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as "nickel silver," which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 25
1 dozen table knives	2 25
½ dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There will be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

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OLD FAVORITES.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

This poem was composed by a young Scottish poet named William Knox, who was born in 1789 and died in Edinburgh in 1825. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions him in his diary: "His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry." The piece we reprint was a favorite with President Lincoln, who often referred to it. There are several versions of the poem, but we have given the most authentic:

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their heavenly rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and we feel the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling:
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold,
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we, things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who made in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

WILLIAM KNOX.

THE KNIGHT OF THE "AD."

In Full Armor and With Visor Down He Helps Along a Dentist's Business.

The numerous devices used by advertisers on the street to attract the attention of passers by are every day becoming more varied and more ingenious. The old time sandwich man is rapidly growing out of date, to give way to newer and better modes of catching the eye of the public.

The most attractive of these walking advertisements up to date is that

THE NEW SANDWICH MAN.

of a knight attired in full armor, with visor down, and to all intents and purposes ready to engage in hottest combat with any knight errant who is not of his way of thinking. He bears on his breastplate the legend that "teeth are extracted without pain" at a certain dentist's

About the English Language.

A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed: "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock.

To assist him in mastering the intricacies of the English language he was told that a flock of girls was called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, though a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, while a host of porpoises is called a shoal.

He was told that a host of oxen is termed a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is termed a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of bullocks is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called the elite.

The last word being French, the scholar understood it and asked no more.

Wit of the Wayfarers.

A hard-looking tramp came into the office of the charities of a certain metropolitan church with a most forlorn story of destitution. The minister in charge had previously received unfavorable reports of this very man from the Charity Organization society. After listening to his story, he said: "I have heard all about you from the Charity Organization society. They don't think very much of you."

"Fer dis time," said the man, "we're even, fur I don't think very much of them."

Churches and Jails.

Over $50,000,000 is spent in maintaining the churches of the United States, and $60,000,000 in running the jails.—Independent.

THE DARK DAY, MAY 19, 1780.

SUNDAY WILL BE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THIS EVENT.

Which Greatly Puzzled All of the Good People of That Day.

"'Twas on a May-day of the far old year,
Seventeen hundred and eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,
Over the fresh earth and heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell,
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's side from the red hell below."

Such is Whittier's description of the "dark day" which caused such consternation here in America one hundred and fifteen years ago.

For several days previous to the nineteenth of May the sun was clouded, the atmosphere was very close and peculiar vapors floated above the earth. Many people predicted a volcanic eruption and we find comments on the atmospheric conditions in many old letters of the time. When the sun and moon rose and set they cast a dull uncertain light which seemed more a reflection than a direct light.

On the morning of Friday, the 19th, the atmosphere was heavier than on any previous day. About 9 o'clock in the morning a gentleman, who was watching the unusual clouds, saw sheets of vapor rising from some springs and lowlands some distance away. The clouds consolidated and rose above the hills and floated off to the westward. A second cloud formed soon after and very shortly a third. In three-quarters of an hour from the time the first rose, the uppermost cloud was of a reddish tint, the second was green and blue, while the third was white. The higher the sun rose the less light seemed to reach the earth. Between 10 and 11 the darkness increased and before noon the people were obliged to light candles in the houses.

While the sun gave any light the shadows were observed to fall in all directions instead of to the west before noon as is usual. The clouds were in some places yellow and brown and even a faint red. The trees and grass exhibited a marvelous deep green—everything which was naturally white appeared yellow, while the most highly-polished silver looked very much tarnished.

The cattle were greatly frightened, and jumped the fences to get home. The domestic fowls roosted. The birds sang their evening songs and flew to their nests, while the night birds commenced their songs. If the small birds ventured to fly, they were suffocated in the strange vapor which shrouded the earth. They were so confused that many of them flew into the houses, causing the superstitious to declare ill omens.

Naturally every one was greatly puzzled, and very many were much frightened. Some thought the end of the world was near at hand; others believed a blazing star had come into the direct rays of the sun, and had in some wonderful way absorbed all the light of the sun, while still others declared that a great mountain had sprung up in space somewhere between the earth and the sun, and this accounted for the intercepted light which reached the earth.

Many declared that the blackness was a forewarning of some calamity which was about to befall the country. A few months later, when Benedict Arnold so treacherously betrayed his country, these people were thoroughly satisfied that their belief was correct. The Tories and those who were undecided in their opinions regarding the separation of America from the British crown believed the terrible darkness to be a communication from the Lord warning his people against the separation.

Lanterns were seen flitting about as men went from house to house trying to gain some consolation from the troubled faces of friends and neighbors. The churches and meeting houses were opened and the ministers and deacons went from their homes with lighted lanterns to conduct services. Those who did not wish to go to public worship held neighborhood prayer meetings.

In a certain town in Essex county, Massachusetts, the silver communion set in one of the churches was cared for by women in the church by "turns." On this day the parson held the communion service; in the uncertain light the silver looked badly tarnished, and noting this the parson mildly rebuked the good matron who had charge of the set. It happened that she was one of the best housewives in town, and this rebuke before all of the members greatly roused her ire. After the darkness ceased and the sun appeared the next day she went to the parson and requested him to accompany her to the meeting house. Arrived there she took the vessels from their places and put them in a strong light, where they appeared beautifully bright, and took solemn oath that they had in no way been polished since the communion on the yesterday. She told him his rebuke had been unjustly given, and the tarnished appearance was wholly due to the unusual quality of the light.

She declared that a gentleman and a "parson of the Lord," he should, in justice to her, revoke his reprimand in open meeting. This he did on the "next Lord's day morning before the sermon." This was thought by some to be wholly unnecessary, while others thought that as the husband of the good woman was one of the solid men of the church, the parson showed good policy in speaking in open meeting.

All are familiar with the story of Abraham Davenport in the Connecticut legislature, whom Whittier immortalized in the poem which bears his name. What quiet, shrewd New England humor there is in the opening lines of that poem—

"In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws."

When the darkness commenced the legislature was in session, and many of the members were anxious to adjourn, whereupon Mr. Davenport arose and spoke with great strength and showed his fellow members their duty and advised, as the light was very dim in the legislative hall, that candles be brought in and that they proceed with the affairs in hand. His composure and dignity transmitted courage to his colleagues; so the candles were brought in and the work was resumed.

Everyone looked forward to evening, hoping that the moon, which reached the full at 9 o'clock, would give some light and so shorten the darkness. The day wore on, and as evening advanced the darkness so increased that at 8 o'clock it was intense, and at that time was probably the blackest during the "dark day." It was probably the nearest approach to the Egyptian darkness, when "they saw not one another, neither rose up any from his place for three days." It never known.

The people prayed that God who spared the wicked people of Ninevah when they repented, would spare them and bless them with his light again.

Never was there a fairer morning and never did the sun shine brighter than on the morning of May 20, 1780. The birds sang, and all nature was glorious. The cattle returned to the pastures and men to their work. Every one and everything was joyous, and many were the thankful prayers offered to the good Lord who had spared his people from his wrath.

After the darkness had past several persons set out to gather all the information obtainable regarding the phenomenon. One of the most interesting accounts the writer has read was contained in a letter written by Dr. Samuel Tenny; the facts he obtained while on a journey from New England to Pennsylvania.

He believer the darkness was caused by two straits of clouds and conflicting winds blowing from the west and south, together with an unusual and, perhaps, inexplicable condition of the atmosphere.

He says: "The darkness, following evening was probably as great as ever has been observed since the Almighty flat gave birth to light • • • I could not help conceiving at the time that if every luminous body in the universe had been shrouded in impenetrable shades, or struck out of existence the darkness could not have been more complete. A sheet of white paper held within a few inches of the eyes was equally invisible with the blackest velvet."

Many theories were formed and many thought the blackness to be supernatural, but these were generally the superstitious and uneducated.

A peculiar feature of the phenomenon was the substance which fell in the rain. This resembled charred wood or burnt leaves, and gave an odor like soot from a chimney. This lay on the surface of the ponds and streams and was particularly noticeable on the Merrimac river, where it gathered along the banks for several miles to the depth of several inches.

Whatever the theories may be, we have very little absolute knowledge of the cause of the remarkable day, and as Herschel says, "The dark day in Northern America was one of the remarkable phenomena of nature which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at a loss to explain."

The darkness was most intense in Essex county, Massachusetts, lower New Hampshire and the eastern part of Maine. In Rhode Island and Connecticut the darkness was not so great, while in New Jersey unusual clouds were observed, but the darkness was hardly noticeable, and in Southern Pennsylvania nothing uncommon was noticed.—H. E. W., in the Boston Transcript.

SOWING THE SEED.

"Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould,
Sink in your grave so wet and so cold—
There must you lie;
Earth I throw over you,
Darkness must cover you,
Light comes not nigh.

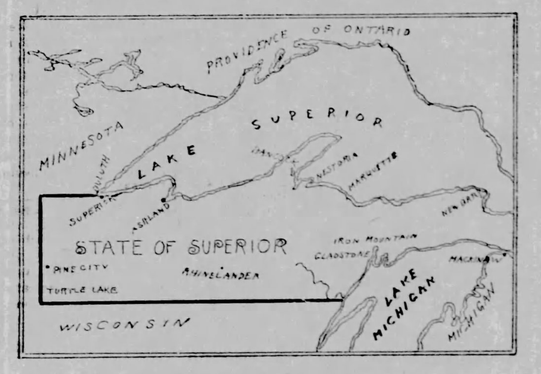
"What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!
What grief made known for loss of the day,
Sadly you'd speak;
'Lie here must I ever?
Will the sunlight never
My dark grave seek?'

"Have faith, little seed; soon yet again
Thou'lt rise from the grave where thou art lain:
Thou'lt be so fair,
With thy green shades so bright,
And thy flowers so bright,
Waving in air."
—Littell's Living Age.

UNVEILED ONCE A YEAR.

Mahomet's Mantle Shown by the Sultan to the Faithful.

According to a dispatch from Constantinople, in consequence of the rumors circulated regarding alleged plots organized by the Mussulman element, which is discontented with the present government and especially by the Softas, unusual precautions were taken on the occasion of the sultan's annual visit to the Mosque of Top-Capou on the Old Seraglio Point on the 12th inst., says the London News. This day, the fifth of Ramadan, is the only one in the year on which the sultan, as commander of the faithful, leaves Yildiz Kiosk in order to perform the ancient ceremony of unveiling and exposing to public veneration the reliquary containing one of the prophet's mantles. It is stated that his majesty would this year have willingly delegated the duty to a representative, but such a course is impossible, as it is for the caliph alone to expose the relic with his own hands and be the first to kiss it in the presence of the imperial princes, the clergy and the high dignitaries of state.



THE PROPOSED NEW STATE OF SUPERIOR.

As the Sultan was thus obliged to perform the ceremony the greatest precautions were taken to prevent any untoward incident. Yildiz Kiosk was literally surrounded by a picked regiment of Albanian troops, who sedulously guarded all the entrances of the palace during the Sultan's absence. The route to old Seraglio Point was lined with soldiers through its entire length, and on the day previous to the ceremony, which is known as that of Hirkai-Cherif (the kissing of the mantle), a special commission commanded by a naval captain and composed of ten officers, under the direct authority of the ministry of marine, made a minute inspection of the great bridge of Karakieui, which was, moreover, carefully guarded by sailors. The imperial procession, however, reached the mosque without incident.

COMMON MEDICINES.

Tartaric acid was first extracted by Scheele in 1770.

Opium is the juice of the unripe capsules of the poppy.

Bromine was first discovered by Ballara, of Montpelier, in 1826.

Phosphorus was discovered in 1669 by Brandt, of Hamburg.

Chromic acid was first employed as a caustic by Sigmund, of Vienna.

Sulphuric and nitric acids were known to Geber, the alchemist, in the eighth century.

Creosote was discovered in 1830 by Reichenbach, who extracted it from the tar of wood.

Vinegar is mentioned in the Egyptian records as a medicine in the tenth century B. C.

Potassium, the basis of many medicines, was discovered in 1807 by Sir Humphrey Davy.

Alcohol was first distinguished as an elementary substance by Albucasis, in the twelfth century.

Glycerine was discovered by Scheele in 1789. He considered it the soothing principle of every kind of oil.

Antimony is found in many countries. It is exported to this country and England from France, Spain and Holland.

Nux vomica is prepared from the seeds of a tree that grows in abundance in India, the East Indies and Ceylon.

Bismuth was first separated and distinguished as a metal by Agricola, the famous chemist and scientist, in 1520.

The clove is the dried and unexpanded bud of a tree technically known to botanists as the caryophyllus aromaticus.

A DIMINUTIVE BOOK.

It Is but Little Larger Than a One-Cent Piece.

A book but little larger than a one-cent piece has just been published in Paris. It is the story of Perraut, Little Hop o' My Thumb. There are eighty pages of printed matter and four engravings. The book is 38 millimeters long, 28 wide and 6 thick, and its weight is only five grammes. It is one of the smallest books ever printed, surpassing in that respect the "dwarf book" of the World's Fair, which could be held on a Columbian postage stamp.

The little volume is a complete book in every way, the binding being perfect, the pages duly numbered, and the little page appearing with all the formality of the most dignified volume. The pages can only be read by the use of a microscope; but then it is found that the printing is clear and that the proof-reading has been excellently done.

Several men in France are carrying these volumes inside their watch covers. A copy presented to a French library has been duly entered in the catalogues and placed on the shelves.

There is still a smaller book than this in existence. It is entitled "Bloem Hofje; or, The Court of the Flowers," and was published in 1647. There are forty-nine pages, each of which, including the margin, is but seventeen millimeters by eight. The book is beautifully bound in old calf and has decorated gilt back and gilt edges. It is illustrated by well printed plates and is closed by a gold allegroe clasp of exquisite workmanship.

WANT TO FORM A NEW STATE.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN AND THE UPPER PENINSULA.

Superior to be the Name—Injustice at the Hands of the Older Sections Has Offended the Pioneers.

The next addition to this band of forty-four sisters commonly called the American Union will probably be the state of Superior, with a capital at or near Marquette.

The territory of which this new commonwealth is to be formed will consist of the upper peninsula of Michigan and that portion of Wisconsin lying north of a line drawn east and west across the state from some point on Green Bay, probably the mouth of the Menominee river.

It will be about the same size in area as and somewhat similar to Kentucky. Superior could apply for statehood next winter with about 400,000 inhabitants, and they would be of the kind of which nations are made, too. They are rugged, hardy, and not fearful of hardships, given to industry and frugal ways, usually wise in their generation and charged with a decided grievance against all other sections of their mother states whatsoever. The politics of Superior would be hopelessly Republican, and two Senators might come from there to offset the distinguished gentlemen from Arizona or to add their courtesy to that brought into the Senate from North Dakota.

Of course, there is reason for all this. Men in the northern portions of these two states have always felt unfairly treated by their brethren in the older sections, further south. It would have been all right if the frontier had gone forward as frontiers are wont to go; if the woods had melted away from Grand Rapids and Madison in an orderly manner; if the developed country had gone forward by easy and orderly degrees, so that by the time that Calumet, in Michigan, and Ashland, in Wisconsin, had been reached by civilization, the whole of the rest of these states would have become accustomed to the gradually rising importance of the border.

But long before there were brick houses in the towns midway up the states there were sandstone business blocks and asphalt streets at the distant border. Long before there were good roads at Fortescue and Stevens Point there were boulevards at West Superior.

In short, the whole south shore of Lake Superior was a developed country, dotted with hamlets, enriched with towns of from 5,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, and browned with the smoke of splendid industries, before old settlements could realize it.

The people of the north wanted more than the people of the south would give them. Legislatures at Lansing and at Madison laughed at the representatives from Superior and Sault Ste Marie. They would make no appropriations for those far away countries. How did they know an empire was growing there? And it made the northern people mad. They have been getting madder and madder for years. They know they have the richest mineral lands in the world; that the copper and the iron along the shore of Lake Superior is a tremendously important interest, and that its wealth is practically inexhaustible. They know they are receiving far less for the taxes they pay than any other section of either old state. And they are getting very tired of it all.

There is a good deal of history which becomes particularly relevant in view of this condition. The state of Michigan, which was originally that portion south of the Straits of Mackinaw and no more, didn't want the upper peninsula anyway. From 1831, when Michigan made her first application for admission to the Union, until her final recognition as an equal in the band of commonwealths, Michigan protested against accepting that distant and despised wilderness.

But Uncle Sam would not let young Michigan in unless she would give up a strip of her rich southern border, where the settlements and towns were plenty, to her slightly older sister, Ohio.

Ohio wanted that five mile strip in order to secure a lake harbor for Toledo, at the mouth of the Maumee river. Ohio was already a state—had been one, in fact for thirty years—and she should have been satisfied. But she demanded that addition to her northern border, and was strong enough to keep young Michigan waiting until the demand was complied with.

Michigan was the madder because young Indiana, in 1816, had claimed an even wider portion of Wolverine land, and had been granted it by the government. And now in 1831, when Ohio went surveying for that new northern line, Governor Arnold ordered Brigadier-General Brown, of the Territorial militia, to call out the troops and "capture the first commissary from Ohio who sticks a stake in the soil of Michigan."

But Congress told Michigan she would have to give up the five mile strip to Ohio, as she had previously given up the eight mile to Indiana, but in return she might have that northern peninsula.

Congress might as well have offered Wel-Hai-Wei. Michigan didn't know where the northern peninsula was, how large or rich it might be, nor by whom it was peopled. And although she was forced very ungraciously to accept it, the people in the Superior region feel that she still regards them as she did in the beginning.

One of the most striking proofs of a legislative discrimination against the upper peninsula is in the legal fare for carrying passengers. By solemn enactment of law the rate below the straits is three cents a mile, and above the straits, throughout all the upper peninsula, it is four cents. That difference applies within one state. A new and struggling section is saddled with a passenger tariff one-third higher than the old and rich portion of the state will pay.

QUID PRO QUO.

I begged a kiss of a little maid;
Shyly, sweetly, she consented;
Then, of a sudden, all afraid,
After she gave it she repented;
And now as penance for that one kiss
She asks a poem—I'll give her this.

But how can my song be my very best
When she, with a voice as soft as Circe's,
Has charmed the heart from my lonely breast—
The heart, the foundation, of all true verses?
Why, oh! why, should a maid do this?
No—I must give her back her kiss.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Had Been There Himself.

Mr. Mildman—Professor, my wife persists in saying "I seen," when I think it ought to be "I saw." Which is right?

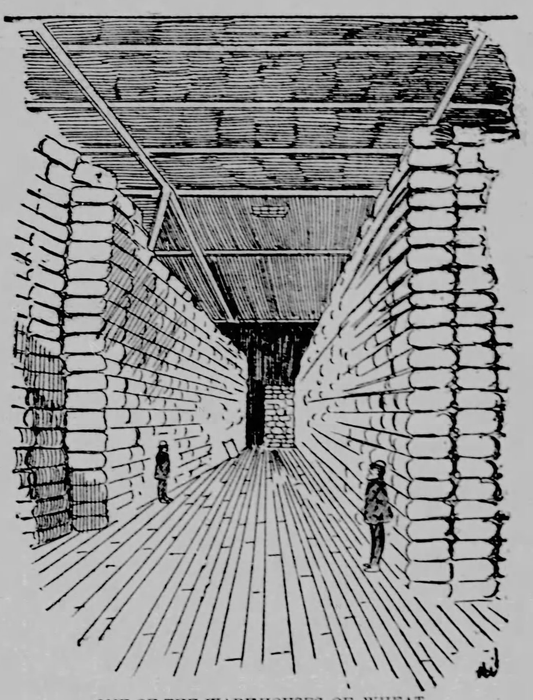
Professor Knowall—Well, if your wife says "I seen," I would say the same if I were you.—Detroit Free Press.

FAIR'S CORNER ON WHEAT.

A SPECULATION THAT HAS COST SOMEBODY NEARLY $2,000,000.

California People Think Ex-Senator Fair Was Backing a Big Syndicate When He Fell Sick.

There is an immense quantity of wheat stored at Port Costa, says the San Francisco Examiner. It crowds all the warehouses, attracts the rats and mice, invites the weevil and other parasites, and commands the attention of the curious and inquisitive. There are nearly 250,000 tons of it. These figures stand for one-quarter of the average annual yield of wheat of the state.



ONE OF THE WAREHOUSES OF WHEAT.

These mountains of wheat represent an investment of between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000, and up to date a total loss of from $1,000,000 to $20,000,000.

"Jim Fair's wheat," that's what they call it up on Carquinez straits, about the big grain warehouses. The total wheat product of the state is placed at an average of 1,000,000 tons, plus the quantity required for domestic consumption and seed. It will thus be seen that the syndicate, which, it is believed, was backed by ex-Senator Fair, holds over from 1893, and last year fully 25 per cent of a year's grain product of the state.

The 1893 wheat held by the syndicate has not only suffered in the terrible drop in prices and incurred the usual expenses of storage, interest and insurance, but has been attacked by weevil and is suffering therefrom seriously. This is especially true of some of the piles in the Nevada warehouses, but it is said that all of the syndicate's 1893 wheat has been attacked to a greater or less extent by the destructive insect.

"Yes; there is weevil in some of the piles of '93 wheat," said A. J. Gove, superintendent of the Nevada warehouses, "but it is not very serious—not so bad but it could be placed on the market in good condition.

"So far as that wheat is concerned," continued Mr. Gove, "for the flour market it is as good as 1894 wheat. Even with the weevil, it is as good for flour, but it would not bring as much in the open market.

"Heavy losses have already been sustained on that wheat, and if I held it I would rush it on the market. I believe that the Fair administrators would be justified in going into court, declaring that the estate is the owner of large quantities of wheat, and asking leave to sell it. They would make money for the estate by so doing. That wheat is all right as yet, but it will deteriorate very much in the next six months. It will in that time be much more than 1894 wheat, and will then be in comparison with '96 wheat.

Mr. Gove said that the syndicate bought options from $1.25 down. The present value is 80 cents. He expressed the opinion that the average cost to the syndicate of all its wheat holdings, not including storage and interest charges, was $1.15, with charges added the cost to-day is $1.20, if not more. This shows a total loss to the estate, if it is true that the late Senator was the backer of the syndicate, of nearly $2,000,000.

DUPONT IN THE WAR.

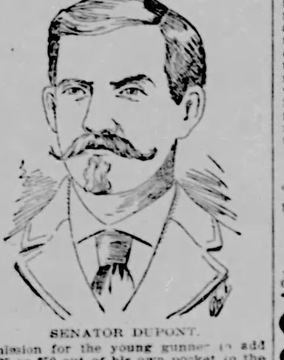
How Delaware's New Senator Went Through the Rebellion.

Henry Algernon Dupont, the new Senator from Delaware, was at the head of the first of the two classes which graduated from the United States Military academy in 1861. Graduating as he did, the first of the class, he could have gone into the corps of engineers, but he declined the commission and chose the artillery. He gave up his graduating leave of three months and joined his battery. His commanding officer was a fine old-time soldier, whose zeal had been nearly dry-rotted in the long, dull wait for promotion of twenty years. Dupont wanted a command of his own. In the early autumn of 1861 he attained the height of his ambition, the command of a light battery. He was scarcely more than twenty-one then, but he had the finest six-gun battery of twelve-pounders in McClellan's army. And such horses! The government needed both zeal and friends, but friends particularly. Delaware marked the southeast border line of slavery.

Simon Cameron was secretary of war. The Duponts had been Democrats for three generations, but they put the union above party then. So, when old Gen. Dupont came into the secretary's office with a slender, well-set-up, black-eyed youth, one day in September, 1861, and said to Cameron, "I've a favor to ask of you," the secretary answered, "It's granted in advance." The favor wanted was permission for the young gunner to add $25 or $50 out of his own pocket to the sum allowed for artillery horses, in order that his battery might be horsed as he wanted it. And as, two months later, the battery went by the general at a trot in double column of sections, the handsome boy heading it was called up to receive the compliments of Gen. McClellan and of the venerable Gen. Scott himself. He bowed low with gratified pride when Gen. McClellan said: "Young is the handsomest battery, the best horsed and equipped that I have ever seen, Mr. Dupont. I know it will give a good account of itself in action."

Well, it did. Dupont's men knew that whatever money would buy for their comfort they were sure of, but they were also aware that in action they would have the post of honor—that of the greatest danger.

Within the year the two most famous "gunners" in America—as the light artillery is called abroad—were Captain Henry Algernon Dupont, of the union regular artillery, and Major John Pelham, his old-time classmate, of Stuart's horse artillery. Dupont and Pelham fought their guns alike, they both pushed them right out on the skirmish line. At all the great battles in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged the ring of Dupont's brass twelve-pounders was heard. He was breveted four times for "distinguished service and gallantry in action." When the war closed he was a brevet colonel and brigadier general. He could have had the actual rank three times, but he would not have his guns—the guns he had made famous on twenty stricken fields. Just after Chancellorsville, when Merritt and Custer were jumped, one from first lieutenant, the other a captain, to the rank of brigadier generals, Dupont was offered the same grade. "No," he said, "I'll stick to what I understand best." When the war closed and peace was made, Henry Algernon Dupont hung up his sword and took up the business of the great powder factory at Dupont de Nemours, over a century old. At his princely home on the Brandywine he dispenses the most charming hospitality to old comrades who were in front of his guns and those who supported them.



SENATOR DUPONT.

A Benefactor.

The invention of the typewriter has given employment to half a million women.—Cleveland Press.

MY KING.

A tender soul of the whitest hue,
His beaming eyes of love's own blue,
A hand as soft as the lily fair,
A fleeting vision of silken hair,
Prattling commands that always bring
Me quickly to my boy—my king!

A robe of linen spotless gown—
He arrays him in when sun goes down,
And from a throne where slumbers play
He calls for me and I obey!
And at evertide I softly sing
A lullaby to my boy—my king!

When from crimson eastern skies
The smile of morn exultant flies
Through waning dark to kiss anew
The coming day I hear the coo
That sweetest thrills of happiness bring
To me, from him, my boy, my king!

A Small Boy's Experiment.

Early in the afternoon last Sunday the big carp which occupies the pond with the pelican in Golden Gate Park had a most sickening experience, says the San Francisco Chronicle. It seems that a boy of an inquiring mind tossed a small chunk of shaving soap to the fish to see if the carp would eat it. He did and has been sorry ever since. After taking the morsel, the carp sank quietly to the bottom of the pond and apparently engaged in deep thought. Then his eyeballs suddenly dilated and his fins wiggled convulsively. A second later a large bubble, with rainbows in it, rose to the surface and floated slowly around in a circle. The carp stopped, and a regular flood of suds and bubbles gushed from his mouth and gills. He dashed wildly along the bottom of the pond, coughing up lather enough to

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Miss Emily Bennett, EDITOR.

DAY DREAMS.

Last night I fell to dreaming,
Sweet dreams of the long ago,
Of youthful hopes and fancies,
And all I had meant to do.

I would be famous some day,
The world should envy me;
I meant to write a drama
That people would flock to see.

And then I would paint a picture—
A picture of priceless worth.
And the world would praise the artist
When I was no longer of earth.

Again it was a poem
That should bring me wide renown,
And I should be more honored
Than he who wears a crown.

Alas! my mirror tells me
My hair is turning gray,
But where is all the wealth and fame
I thought to have to-day?

Of all that I had meant to do,
Nothing as yet is done;
Poem and painting and drama,
None of them yet begun.

Adieu to youthful day dreams,
Adieu to fancies wild;
I have a little cottage,
A loving wife and child;

And when my daily task is o'er
And evening draweth near,
They meet me at the cottage gate
With many a word of cheer.

Although I have no wealth of gold,
Yet very rich am I;
I have so many blessings
That money cannot buy.

"EM. T. HEAD."

HOME TALKS.

THE CITY WHERE TEA WAS ONCE MADE ON A GRAND SCALE.

Some of the Things of Which Bostonians Are Proud—Climate Cannot be Counted as One.

Presto, Change!

To-day in Toledo, to-morrow hundreds of miles away among new scenes, new people, and in an entirely different mental as well as physical atmosphere! And in these days one is whirled so rapidly over the intervening spaces that it seems almost like magic. To step into a car in the afternoon at Toledo, and to step out of it the next afternoon in Boston while the sun is still high in the heavens, is, when one stops to think of it, almost a miracle—only we rarely stop to think of it. I sometimes feel as if there were indeed no time to think, and if we take it we shall surely be left behind in the race.

All across the great state of New York and in Massachusetts, when I lately took this journey, the landscape was covered with the same misty, shadowy veil of delicate green as we saw in Ohio. Nature was just having her spring awakening, and the weather was warm enough when we left Toledo to give promise of a speedy renewal of all the beauty which marks the summer tide. Landing in Boston, a cold east wind swept around us, making the Arctic regions come very close to our consciousness. One of our party, betrayed by the summer heat which reigned upon the day of our departure, had retired her warm wraps from use in blissful ignorance of what she was to meet in this treacherous New England climate. Ere she left the depot an urgent message for their immediate dispatch hither was speeding its electric way along the homeward track.

I do not suppose there can be a perfect climate anywhere in the world, but I want to offer my testimony right here that outside of Chicago, more and greater changes are never compressed in a given length of time than in Boston. One forgets all that, however, in the fascination of the city itself. Down in its heart, the quaint, narrow streets that twist and turn, apparently leading nowhere but doing it "just for fun;" the constant coming upon some place around which cluster the historic associations of a never-to-be-forgotten past; the beautiful Common sweeping downward from Beacon hill, which is crowned by the State House, speaking of scenes with which every child is familiar; then the opening out into broad, beautiful avenues lined with magnificent buildings—all of these things combine to give the city an interest which no other in the country possesses.

Our party arrived in Boston upon the eve of the convention of the American section of the Theosophical society, all the sessions of which we attended. They were of interest as marking the progress of a world movement for the uplifting of humanity—a movement in which, whatever else may be said of it, no question of money getting or emoluments of any kind for its promoters enters in any way whatever. The convention is now past history, but it is interesting to note that it was held at the New England headquarters of the society, in a building on the highest point of Beacon Hill and overlooking the city in all directions.

On the same street and within a stone's throw lives Margaret Deland, and not far away is the house of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, both names familiar household words in the American homes of to-day where are lovers of good literature. I did not see either of them, but it will be pleasant hereafter, when enjoying their brain-children, to be able to recall the picture of their homes and outer enviroments.

And this reminds me of what I have been told since I have been here by those who are in a position to know. We are accustomed to think of Boston as the great literary center of this country, the radiating point whence proceeds the best and brightest work in both art and literature. That it has been so in the past is certain. That it is so to-day is more than doubtful. With all of that great coterie gone, the last of whom was Dr. Holmes, its prestige is fading, for none have yet arisen to fill their places. Good writers there are in plenty and some brilliant ones, but there are none to wear the mantle of Longfellow, of Whittier, of Lowell, of Emerson, of Hawthorne, of all those who made the last half century illustrious through their work. That a degree of decadence is felt to have come is evident from the fact that many writers whose names have more recently become familiar to the public, have removed to New York as a place better fitted to give them desired recognition. This to me, a Westerner, is difficult to comprehend, for Boston, with the glory of its past and the interest of its present, is far more agreeable than the rushing, bustling, commercial center, New York city, and I cannot understand why a greater inspiration to good work cannot be indrawn from this atmosphere.

A show place of the Bostonians at the present time, and one of which they may be justly proud, is their new library into which they have but now set up their household literary gods. It has been described so many times in public print that I do not propose to enter into anything of the kind here. Besides I am always at sea about figures of length, breadth, height or number, or in statistics of any kind unless I have them down in black and white before me, which I have not at present. I can only say that it is a most magnificent building in every respect, thoroughly symmetrical in plan and proportion, and truly artistic in finish. The lofty entrance into the great hallway gives an immediate impression of grandeur. The floor is of white marble, into which is set the signs of the Zodiac. Raising the eyes to the grand stairway, and one is almost made breathless by its splendor of proportion and coloring. It is constructed throughout of the rich Sienna marble, the most generous use made of that material in any one place, I am told, in the world. And the effect is marvelously beautiful, and to me was so unexpected that it has left a picture in my memory which it does not seem can ever be effaced.

In the panels of one of the halls are placed what are known as the Abbey pictures, so-called from the name of the artist. They make a series representing the Search for the Holy Grail, and are exceedingly spirited in execution and fine in coloring. They were painted in London and, it is said, the English people thought it a great pity that they were to be wasted upon a nation so devoid of true artistic instincts as are, in their estimation, those on this side of the water. In another hall is the beginning of the Sargent series which, when completed, will represent the Evolution of Religion, and that, too, is considered a magnificent work of art. To tell the honest truth, which I dare not utter aloud in Boston, these pictures did not say much to me apart from their rich coloring, perhaps because I had no time to so study their details as to get at the real meaning of the representations.

Around Copley Square are several other things of which Boston is proud. There is Trinity church, which at once calls to mind Phillips Brooks, whose memory is held in such loving reverence. Across from that is the New Old South church, a most magnificent structure, and on the opposite side, the Art Gallery, with its attractive front invites the stranger to enter, and see its collection of treasures. Near at hand, too, is the home of the Arena, one of the most, if not the most, widely read magazine of the day, of which more anon. This locality is well called the Square of Arts and Letters.

Passing on a little way farther and what is called the Fens is reached, unique even in Boston. It makes a part of the grand park system now in process of construction, which, when completed, will be the finest in the country. Through the Fens are many miles of broad driveways bordered by flowering shrubs, through which, at intervals, glimpses of rippling water are caught, the whole making a scene of rare beauty. My last visit there was with Helen Gardener and her husband, at evening, and as I wandered on listening to their gay chat about people of whom I wanted to know and of things in which I am interested, watching the while the flashing lights scattered here and there as far as the eye could reach, with the great city behind us, it was a picture of veritable enchantment. It was something to be put away in my memory side by side with my day in Concord, of which I shall tell in some future letter.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

This Week a Helpful Thought for Those Laden With Many Cares.

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, best known as the president of the King's Daughters and Sons, said at one of her drawing room talks, that at one time in her life she felt that she must decide upon every action of her friends, as to whether they were right or wrong, but one day it seemed to her that the Lord spoke to her and said, that, as her life would always be a very busy one, and she would have a great many things to do, that He would help her out, by relieving her of all responsibility of judging people; that He would do that, and she could trust Him fully.

You should hear Mrs. Bottome tell this in her own inimitable manner, to fully appreciate it, but I think we all of us can find comfort and great relief in the idea.

When we see or hear of a person doing certain things, we are so apt to feel that we are called upon to decide whether they are doing as they should, and it often so happens that we, not knowing all of the circumstances, judge them unjustly, and in after days when we learn of our mistake, we are so sorry, so unavallingly sorry for what we have said, sorrow that we would have been spared if we had felt that we could trust the judging of these friends to One who never makes a mistake.

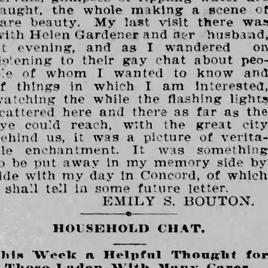
I think that it will help us all, through the work and worry of our lives, if we only do as Mrs. Bottome advises, "Do whatever comes to us to do for ourselves, or others, but just leave the judging part entirely alone." Let us try it for the summer, at least, and see if she is not right.

SOME PRETTY THINGS

Our Household Friends Find Time to Make and Describe for Us.

Table Cover.

This is made of gray felt, decorated with ribbon embroidery in a design of roses and leaves in their natural colors. The materials for the work besides the ribbon, which may be of any preferred quality, and of a width to suit the pattern, are embroidery silks, matching the ribbon in shade, and some small crochet rings for the center of the flowers.



Trace the pattern carefully and begin the work by making a small hole with a stiletto at each end of a leaf; draw the ribbon through and fasten at the wrong side; then catch the edges of the ribbon with invisible stitches on the right side. The scrolls are made in the same way, fulling the inner edge of each one a little, the fullness being gathered or laid in tiny pleats. The flowers are formed of short loops of ribbon of three different lengths, put together like a rosette, and finished in the center with the mould or ring covered with yellow silk. The stems are worked in outline stitch. Tassels of pink tied with gold thread are placed at regular intervals along the edge of the cover.—Busy Bee.

Chimney Ornament.

Select a crooked twig of white or black thorn; wrap some loose wool or cotton around the branches, tying it on with worsted, and suspend it in a basin or deep jar. Dissolve two pounds of alum in a quart of boiling water; pour it over the branch, and allow it to stand twelve hours. Wire baskets may be covered the same way.

Bon Bon Bag.

Place a round piece of cardboard in the center of a circular piece of bolting cloth, and with fine needle and thread tack it in place. Then draw the bolting cloth up into a bag, and run a ribbon through a hem of two or three inches for a draw string, finishing it around the bottom with a row of artificial daisies. Put a piece of oiled paper in the bag to prevent the bonbons from soiling the bolting cloth. When this is finished fill it with bonbons, add a pair of dainty tongs, and you have a nice little present.—Maggie Slade.

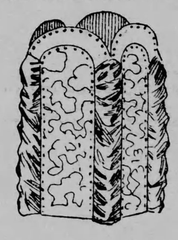
Miss Macreme.

This young woman is of French extraction and is evolved from a ball of twine. Cut a thick bunch of strands about one-half yard long and tie them firmly in the center. Take enough

strands from one side of this tie to make the young woman a respectable head of hair, and plait it into two braids tying them near the end with baby ribbon. Put the remaining strands together and tie them a short distance from the top to form a head. Separate enough strands from each side to make the arms; twist them and tie them with ribbon. Tie another ribbon with longer ends and bows about her waist; give her a pair of eyes, black as—shoe buttons, and mark her eyebrows, nose and mouth with ink, and then she is ready to make your acquaintance, children of the Household.

Catch All.

Cut from heavy card board four sections rounded at the top and square at the bottom; cover each on one side with cream colored brocaded silk, outlining the figures upon it with gold thread; and cover the reverse side with plain silk; cut a square of cardboard to fit these four sections; cover it on one side with plain silk over a layer of scented wadding. Join the five pieces in the form of a box, and cover the seams with a puffing of light blue China silk fastened at the edges



with a row of the "jewels" Peggy Clover describes. The top of each section is finished with a band of blue velvet, a little darker than the puffing, also fastened with the jewels.—Aunt Phyllis.

HOUSEHOLD LETTER BOX.

It is Filled With Some Final Words Anent the Garden of Eden.

Although the story of the "Garden of Eden" is concluded, the comments on it are still coming in. We give those we have received this week, and will then consider that all who care to write have been heard from, and will close the correspondence on that subject. As we must take the bitter medicine first, and the sweetness after, to take the taste out of our mouth, we will first hear from one who thinks it

A Most Insipid Work.

It appears to be a weak and exceedingly flat attempt to imitate Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward." You say you have received only favorable criticisms. Have you received any favorable criticisms from any one who is classed as a good judge of literature?—Prof. E. W. Shale.

None of those who have sent favorable criticisms have claimed to be judges—that has been assumed only by the unfavorable critics, but of the first-named class all have been simply good hearted, honest men and women, who seemed filled with so much Christian love for their fellow men that they rejoiced to hear of a possible plan for improving society, even though it might be at present impracticable.

Will Not Benefit the Blade.

I must say that I consider "The Garden of Eden" the poorest, weakest, and most foolish nonsense I have ever read in The Blade. I have asked several of The Blade subscribers what they thought of it; some have said it was such a piece of nonsense that they quit reading it; some that The Blade must be hard pushed for a story, and one said that he was completely disgusted with it, and that he will not take the paper another year. I agree with J. J. Mathews in asking why you can not publish one of E. P. Roe's or Ernest Warren's stories? Why not republish "Throne and Scaffold?" I am sure it would be new to many, and would bear reading a second time by old subscribers.—C. J. G.

C. J. G. must remember that a great weekly paper like The Blade must endeavor to please all tastes, and that some might think it was hard pushed for a story if it was to republish one. However, there is a prospect now that there will soon appear in the columns of The Blade a story that will please C. J. G. and others who have not enjoyed the "Garden of Eden."

Now for a Little Sweetness.

I have been reading the "Garden of Eden" and think it delightful. Some one has said that it is not practical, but I think with the author that it is a "very possible story." I enjoy reading something that lifts one's mind to a dream beyond the drudgery of the world. Is it impossible for us to read anything fanciful, except we are criticised for it? I for one will not tie myself down to reading stories that only reflect our sorrows on their pages, and make us miserable for days afterward. Let us have more of the "Garden of Eden" series.—Pansy.

And Finally—

I think the Garden of Eden a very unusual story, but I cannot think that even the Edenites are ready for the millenium.

How many years would it take to make every one in the United States as good as the dwellers in Eden? Think of the cities which have been "Lexowed" in the past few months, and are still in need of "cleaning;" think of the rows in Congress and state legislature; of the swearing, drinking, and carousing that occurs nightly all over our land; think of the women who get mad and spank their children because their husbands are too lazy to chop wood for them. Will we be ready for the millenuim in 1900, think you?

The progress we have made in the last quarter of a century has been such that we may expect to see, within the next ten years, perhaps, greater wonders than Eden housekeeping, as pictured by the author. Indeed, if the great apartment house is built in New York city, as planned, it will be very like an Eden domicile. Had religion and electricity kept together since the days of Franklin, then there would be to-day only one religion, and that true, Christianity.

The social and religious scheme of the author is too far advanced by at least a century. Imagine the results which would follow if a train load of people from the world were set down in Wayne Morrison's Eden. If they were willing to take the oath of allegiance, who would hinder them? Besides, the willingness to receive Brown, who flirted with Franchette when bound by love to Stella, showed that the Edenites would not be too particular about their men, at least.

Imagine several Tammany toughs, four male flirts, three policemen, a safe cracker, a few cranks, one Congressman with a silvery tongue, a governor or two of note, and a political demagogue getting into Eden! In one month there would be a "spirit of unrest" in Eden, and in six months there would be a "ring;" broken hearts, broken safes, broken commandments, broken heads; slime, filth, crime, and then Eden would have to be "Lexowed."

The Garden of Eden is a great story, but the world is not ready for Eden yet. The weakness in the two prominent characters only proves that even the great world of thought of which the author is a representative, has not progressed sufficiently to portray the character of a perfect man, or woman, without picturing them as angels, or, as does the author, endowing them with some little failing, whose very littleness makes it the more apparent. I refer to Stella Vernon's delight in the very worldly pastime of "playing with her fish before she landed him," and I think the women of the future will not "rush into each other's arms," "kiss," or "burst into tears" upon the slightest pretext, as the Eden women do. Also, Wayne Morrison, although a great character, in his very greatness shows his relationship to the man who esteemed his wife "a little better than his horse, a little dearer than his dog." That the horse is electricity and the dog a pet scheme makes no difference.

This proves, I think, that the millenium, so far as the people being ready for it is concerned, is a long way in the future. In the meantime, there is work for all: work, work. And let every one go forth in the Eden spirit and do their part in the great work which shall, at last, give to us the privileges of life in Eden, which He who alone can will build for all.—Debe.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS

On Various Subjects.

Will you tell me the French word that means "darling," and what is the meaning of the word "Lorilla?" It is my little girl's name, her papa named her, and I would like to know the meaning of the word, or the origin of the name, as I have never seen it in the Bible or dictionary. It is a very ancient name I believe.—Mongrel.

Mignon is the French equivalent for "darling." For the other name we can find no especial meaning, it was probably the name of some friend of the baby's papa, and "ancient" only in the fact that it belonged to this "old friend."—Ed.

I have been told by a native of Minnesota that the law in that state provides that if a wife dies leaving children the man cannot marry a second time until he has had the property appraised and one-half set aside for the children of the first wife with a guardian appointed. Please tell me if Minnesota ever had such a law, or if any other of the United States has. Also, if there was a congressman from Marsand by the name of George Thomas Groom within the last ten years.—M. J.

Will some legal authority give us the desired information? It is a very commendable law for any state to make.—Ed.

Mrs. Oscar Amos:—Do you not think it would be as well to ask your family physician? You would be apt to obtain more reliable information than you could through the columns of a newspaper.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Do you think it is right to let children abuse dogs and cats and other dumb animals? Near us is a family who saved two little kittens for baby to play with. He carried them by one leg and dragged them by the tail, he put salt in their ears and threw salt in their eyes; his mother looked on and smiled, and when I remonstrated said, "Why, the child must amuse himself, that's what we kept the kittens for!" I though: when they were old enough to scratch for themselves he might get his reward, but no. The first time they dared scratch him they were drowned and their place filled by another helpless pet.—Anise.

What do the mothers of the Household think about this? There are several points to be considered beside the physical suffering of the "pets," and the question is worthy of serious thought.

Will some one send the words of the lullaby: "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber," and tell me who is the author?—Lillian.

Answers.

Scholar:—Postage stamps were first used in 1834, but were not introduced into the United States till 1845, and their use was not authorized by Congress till 1847.—Teacher.

Eleanor:—To remove tar or wagon grease from your white lawn dress rub the spots well with oil of turpentine before wetting it with water. For colored cotton and woolen goods rub lard on the spot and let it lie till the tar seems loosened, then treat with oil of turpentine, soap and water. For silk goods use benzine instead of turpentine.—Professional Cleaner.

Lydia:—You can remove perspiration stains from your white woolen dress by sponging the spots with warm ammonia water, then with clear water and pressing while damp.—Olive.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Reliable Recipes Received. Also Sensible Suggestions.

Cooking the food is not all of the duty of the cook. There is washing dishes, for instance, which, in most families, is one of the unpleasant things that come in the line of her duty, but even this can be divested of much of its disagreeableness by a little care. Given plenty of soap and hot water and clean towels it is very much easier and pleasanter work than without these aids, and if sweeping a room can be so dignified by the manner of doing the action, as Geo. Herbert explained, surely we can bring some good into our way of washing the dishes.

The greasy pots and pans, or those on which something has been burned, can be very easily cleaned if a teaspoonful of baking soda is put in them and covered with cold water. Let it stand while you are doing the other dishes, and you will find that it will be a very easy matter to remove all grease or crust.

If the cook will place small pieces of charcoal in the refrigerator, it will purify the air of all unpleasant odors, and if she is so unfortunate as to have a dark closet under the kitchen sink, where she keeps pots and kettles, she will find a great improvement in both closet and contents by a free use of charcoal there. Wherever there is dampness use charcoal, or slaked lime. Attention to these little suggestions will help the cook or housekeeper more than they may think when they read about them.

Many people complain that fresh fish are so tasteless. If they would use the following, taken from a French recipe book, they would find it a great help to their appetites when fish was served:

French Marinade.

When the fish is ready for cooking place it on a deep plate, or platter, sprinkle it with salt, pepper, a pinch of cloves and allspice, three slices of onion, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, or vinegar. After lying in this marinade for two or three hours the fish may be either fried, boiled or baked.

A Nice Way to Cook Asparagus.

Wash and trim one bundle of asparagus and boil for 20 minutes, then drain and arrange in a flat saucepan. Make a sauce with two tablespoonfuls of flour and two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed smooth, add one-half pint of the water in which the asparagus was boiled, stir continually till it boils, add one teaspoonful of onion juice and a little salt and pepper. Stand the dish in hot water for five minutes, strain, add the well beaten yolks of two eggs, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Pour this over the asparagus and serve as a vegetable course by itself.—S. R.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Express Their Opinions With Their Customary Ability and Freedom.

We give this week the portrait of Miss Nora W. Sydon, of Central Point, Oregon, who is president of the Order of Blade Merry-go-Rounds in her state. She has very little to say about herself, giving her autobiography in the following paragraph, whose con-

NORA W. SYDON, OREGON.

ciseness is commended most heartily by the Chaperone.

"I was born eighteen years ago in Illinois, but spent the greater part of my life in Nebraska, experiencing several of its renowned blizzards and cyclones. Some three years ago we removed to the Pacific coast and are now living in the Rogue river valley, the 'garden of the state.'"

United Brethren, O.:—"Girls, I don't think Sam Igotus is so much in the wrong; when we love a person, do we not think they are pretty whether any one else does or not? I think when he marries, if he loves his wife, that will be the case with him. I wish to ask the lady members of the Circle if they would marry a man they loved whether he was rich or poor, and do you think it makes a woman more beautiful to use face-powder? Do any of the members live near my home, which is in the Southeastern part of Williams county?"

Em. T. Head, Iowa:—"How many of our Circle are reading "The Garden of Eden" story, and what do you think of it? I see nothing impossible in it, but even if there were, I would be satisfied with an Eden a little less perfect in its appointments and working. If such an Eden were open to me I would fly to it and would be quite willing to work even more than six hours a day, and no Stanley Brown could coax me away. Between you and me, Miss Prudence, don't you think Sam Igotus a bit of a fraud? Now for the last year or more he has been pretending (?) to a very unwholesome dislike of the gentler sex, but I have a strong suspicion that ——, well, anyway, I should just like to have a personal acquaintance withh the gentleman. Poor Sam! how his ears must have burned during the discussion of his ideas of beauty!"

Sunflower, Kan.:—"I am a farmer's man, and enjoy the freedom of country life, though I live in the city part of the time. I have read with interest the criticisms poured on the head of poor Sam Igotus, and rejoice over his vindication."

Red Cloud, S. D.:—"Good for Clover! The scoring she gave Sam Igotus was well deserved. It is 4 p. m., school is out and I have just made up my quarterly report (March 29). We all go to the Agency to-morrow for our pay, as some of the teachers have from forty to fifty miles to go, and I am only fifteen miles out, I shall have a houseful to-night; a pleasant prospect for an amateur housekeeper! I have had seven months' experience, and can keep them from starving, I guess; if there were only men I wouldn't care, but one of them will bring his family! Will close, as I must gather up guns, spurs, cartridge belts, etc., ad put them where the youngsters can't get them."

Jet Darling, Mich.:—"Good for you, Sam Igotus! How I pity those who have been criticising your ideal, now! Nana, you have the right idea; let us insist upon one standard of morality for both sexes. Did you ever read Samantha Allen's article on the subject? I do not wish the name of our Circle changed; though I was never fond of riding on a merry-go-round, I think it has a jolly good-time sound. Let us have the Western trip by all means, and Miss Prudence, please let us have your picture."

"Mongrel, Mo.:—"Yes, Sam Igotus; a face is not beautiful unless it reflects the image of a loving disposition, and, let me add, an intellectual mind. Thena, can not you get some more members in your state? One of the natives of Maine lived here in Missouri for ten years, and then grew homesick, and returned to the land of pine trees. I am in favor of female suffrage and prohibition, and am proud of the fact that my father added his mite of assistance in saving our Union. The Raven of Wood's Edge writes a delightful letter; he sees Nature in all its beauty, and what is more, has a gift of expression that many are not blessed with. Hoosier School Girl, please give your reasons for allowing the illiterate classes to vote; in my opinion, the cattle we feed and shelter are as fit to go to the polls as the ignorant men whose votes are purchased by party leaders, sometimes with money, sometimes with whisky."

Buckeye, O.:—"I live away up in the northeastern corner of Ohio, and can see old Lake Erie by going about a mile. I am a very bashful young man, and although I have been a Blade reader for some years, and have taken an interest in the M. G. R. for a good while, I have never before got enough sand on to say anything. I think women can do more good at home than at the polls, and I also think Sammy Igotus has been catching it badly, poor fellow, though I don't know but he deserved it."

"Virginia Charley, Va.:—"I believe that the letters should be corrected and revised by the Chaperone, so they will occupy as little space as possible. I will correspond with Mamma's Pet, if she will send her address."

Mischief Maker, Kan.:—"As I am a stranger, this may find its way to the waste-basket, but if it is published, I am sure some of the members will think as I do. I agree with Sam Igotus; I could not endure to sit opposite a homely face three times a day, but I also claim another thing, a good girl with pure thoughts, cannot be homely.

I am directly opposed to Mountain Boy in regard to novel reading. You can generally tell by the first few pages whether a novel is good or bad, and some of the finest thoughts of literature are to be found in them."

Virginia Charlie, your state has only four members in the M. G. R. Cannot you find enough more subscribers to The Blade to bring the number up to the necessary ten. The mistake in the address has been corrected.

Sunflower, you were right; there is always room for "one more" in this Circle. Your state has a membership list of 46, and your president is Mr. W. C. Millikan, Independence, Kan.

Several of the State Presidents have written to Miss Prudence to urge the members to "respond to duty's call!" Surely this ought not to be necessary. Every member who has written since the Order was organized has expressed their approval of it, and unless they give it the support of their written opinions on the subjects offered by their Presidents, it will seem that their approbation was but "words, vain words." The Chaperone announces that all subjects given by Presidents for April discussion are to be held open through May, in order that the "delinquents" may have another opportunity of expressing themselves. The Bannership for the month will be given the state sending in the symposium containing ideas from the greatest number of members.

Ivan: Address as usual; the photograph has been returned; the subject sent will be retained for future use.

DEATH AND THE LADY.

Words of an old song, sent to The Blade by request.

Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer may you glory in your pride;
Take leave of all your carnal, vain delight,
For I have come to summon you away to-night.

What bold attempt is this; pray, let me know,
From whence you come and whither I must go,
Must I, who am a lady, stoop, or bow,
To such a pale faced vision? Who art thou?

Dost thou not know me? I will tell you then,
'Tis I who comes to all the sons of men.
No pitch of honor from my dart is free;
My name is Death, have you not heard of me?

Yes, I have heard of you time after time,
But being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you would have called so soon,
Why must my morning sun go down at noon?

Talk not of noon, you might as well be mute,
I have no time with you for to dispute,
Your gold and jewels, all your garments brave,
Your houses, lands, must all new masters have.

Oh, learned doctors, now come, use your skill,
And don't let Death of me, obtain his will.
Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find,
My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

How freely would you let your riches fly,
To purchase life, rather than choose to die.
But when you flourished here in all your pride
You could not spare one penny for the poor.

'Tho in God's name, their suit to you did make,
You could not spare one penny for His sake.

I have one, only daughter whom, I do adore.
Let me but see her well, I ask no more.
Leave her to Providence, for you must go,
With me this night, whether you will, or no.

Upon a bed of sickness, here I lie,
My carnal sins make me afraid to die.
My sins, alas, are great and manifold,
Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on my soul.

This has been asked for several times, and as by very aged persons who remembered hearing it when they were young, so it must be quite an ancient affair. I was obliged to copy it, as the manuscript sent was written on both sides.

MRS. WALDRON.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Raisins for fruit cake are very much improved by cooking. Let them soak out slowly, and then simmer until the skin is tender.

The little sliding boxes we get from the druggists are lovely little receptacles for the elastic rings so much used nowadays. Fasten two together with a bit of ribbon, tie a bow on the top, and you have a place for postage stamps as well.

It is not good economy to cook the same things day after day. Study up new dishes, and serve them daintily; use up all the left-overs; put bits of bread, mashed potatoes, boiled hominy or rice, anything of the sort, in your griddle cakes, and see how it will improve them.

A dainty and delectable addition to miladi's tea table is known as "nutted dates." The dates are first stoned, and then filled with the whole meat of the English walnut. This makes a sweetmeat both novel and acceptable, and one peculiarly adapted to the demands of 5 o'clock affairs.

By rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in whiting the brown discoloration may be taken off of cups which have been used for baking.

You should keep your fine laces wrapped in blue paper if you don't wan't them to turn too yellow, yellower than is desirable.

When a stain gets on the fresh dinner cloth the easiest way to remove it is immediately after dinner to slip a bowl directly under the spot, thus raising the cloth from the table, and then to pour boiling water over the stain. Let the cloth remain stretched over the bowl until the wet portion dries.

Mrs. Emily Bishop, the well known writer and speaker, in a recent lecture on dress, said that the one great reason for the failure of dress reforms in the past has been their disregard of grace and beauty. A clever woman once said to her that any girl would rather be uncomfortable and look nice than to be comfortable and appear odd or gawky.

Many women imagine that a bare floor scrubbed every day or two is the only "neat way of living," but the woman who covers her kitchen floor with a hemp rag carpet, protected in the most exposed places by neatly-bound oilcloth, saves much exhausting scrubbing, and her kitchen looks cleaner than the floor, dingy and rough from frequent washing. Almost always the freshly washed floor is the real cause of those mysterious languid, lame sensations from which delicate women suffer.

About Cards.

It is more comfortable for callers when they arrive at a house and find the mistress already receiving guests to send in their cards by the maid if they have any doubt as to the hostess immediately recognizing them. In large cities, where women have a great number of formal acquaintances, it is not always possible for a hostess to immediately recall the name of a guest although she may recognize her at once as some one whom she ought to know. If the second caller is an intimate friend and has no doubt as to her immediate recognition, she may tell the maid that she need not announce her, in which case the maid will drop the card into the bowl, which usually stands beside the card tray on the hall table. P. P. C. cards should be left on the occasion of a long absence of over three months, on leaving town at the close of the season, on leaving the neighborhood where you have resided for years or where you have resided for months and sometimes only for weeks, but not when changing houses in the same neighborhood. The words pour prendre congé signify to take leave, and when goodby is not intended, and future meetings are anticipated, there is no ostensible motive for leaving P. P. C. cards.

DICKIE-BIRD! DICKIE-BIRD!

Your feathers are ruffled, your beak's rather long,
But dickie-bird, dickie-bird, sing me a song.

Dickie-bird, sing of the sun and the breeze;
Dickie-bird, sing of the birds and the bees:
The summer is short and the winter is long,
So dickie-bird, dickie-bird, sing me a song.

The thrushes and linnets are singing so sweet,
But we are content to sit here at your feet.
For we would not leave you alone on the tree;
So sing, dickie, sing to my dolly and me.

And we will be happy the whole summer day,
The dickie shall sing and the dolly shall play—
Oh, funniest dickie that ever I saw,
It is not a song if you only say "Caw."

ONE APPLE GATHERING.

It was in October, 1863, that our mother awakened us one morning with the startling announcement that it was snowing, a thing unprecedented at that season of the year within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of Arkansas.

We arose with unusual alacrity, my brother and myself at that time mere boys, but upon whom the whole control of the farm had fallen since father had answered Lincoln's first call, for the apples yet remained ungathered upon the trees. We ate a hurried breakfast, gathered up buckets and baskets, hitched Mike and Jerry to the two wheeled cart and started for the orchard; alas! for the faithful oxen; it was destined to be the last time they ever wore the yoke.

We followed the winding path which led to this beautiful orchard, situated on a high rolling bench at the foot of the Ozark mountains.

This bench or plateau covered a good share of the farm, and was enclosed with a high "stake and rider" fence; along this fence, extending north and south, ran the public road, and as one gazed at the orchard from this direction each successive tier of trees higher than the other they seemed to form stepping stones to the summit of the mountains.

All was joy and gladness as we went hither and thither amid the fast flying snowflakes, picking the delicious fruit with the greatest of care lest we should bruise it, and for the time being we forgot the terrible gloom that pervaded the whole country on account of the great Civil War. By 10 o'clock we had some 12 or 15 bushels stored in the cellar, but here our work was interrupted by pallers almost as numerous as the snowflakes, who insisted on our supplying them with something to eat, which was no easy matter.

Mills in this part of the country were scarce, while men to run them were scarcer, and the meal from which we made bread was corn slightly boiled to prevent shelling, and grated on a piece of tin driven full of nail holes and fastened on a board, something in the manner of a modern washboard.

Over this we worked, without complaint, afraid to refuse, and our mother baked the cakes as fast as we grated the meal, but the place fairly swarmed with men in grey who were so tired as to hardly be able to keep awake. All day long they kept coming, all day we worked at the grater, and by sundown some 5,000 men were encamped about the place. The orchard was stripped and the apples walked out of the cellar much faster than we had stored them there; there was an unusual commotion too in the barnyard among the fowls, the sheep, and the boys, but still we worked on with aching arms, dinnerless and supperless.

It must have been 10 o'clock when an officer appeared at the door with drawn saber clearing the house and placing a guard around it to protect us from farther molestation. This is what is known in history as Shelby's retreat, and he being hotly pursued by McNeal, of the Federals, formed his troops on the bench for battle, the men sleeping on their arms.

For a while we expected to be plunged into the midst of battle, but by daylight they again took up the march. Scarcely had the last rebel disappeared when above the roaring of the pines came the sound of McNeal's cavalry, and that these well fed, well-clothed troops failed to intercept those starving, freezing rebels was said to have been a great mortification to our government.

In the morning we found Mike and Jerry's heads with the yoke, the bones of the hogs and sheep, and the feathers that had adorned the chickens and ducks, and where there had been great plenty nothing but absolute poverty remained. There was no alternative, and in a short time we were numbered with a long refugee train bound for Springfield, Mo.

Since then many apple gatherings have come and gone, the silver has begun to shine in my hair, but I never forget the apples we gathered but did not eat.

H. B. K.

"NOAH'S ARK."

"I have planned a new game," said Margaret, during a lull in the conversation.

"Then, do let us play it!" exclaimed her young friends, in chorus.

"But what do you call it?" asked one of the company.

Margaret announced the title given above.

"Oh, that is fine!" said another of the girls. "It recalls our childhood days."

"Yes," said a third. "It brings visions of the time when I worked so hard to make my pigs, cows, elephants and so forth, stand on three legs, and often on none at all."

"But the game—the game!" chimed the chorus, impatiently.

"We will begin then, if you please," said the young originator, "with this sentence: 'The wolf ran into his den and was seen no more.' You will notice that I have formed a sentence containing the name of an animal. Now, Millicent, as you are next, you will do the same, but the name of your animal must begin with the same letter that completed the name of my animal."

"Oh, that is fun!" cried the chorus.

Millicent thought a moment, and then gave this sentence:

"The frog jumped into the water before the boy could catch it."

"Oh," exclaimed Edith, who sat next, "I was sure you would use fox! But I have instead a delightfully easy letter."

After a moment's silence, she added: "The giraffe ate the leaves all off the tree."

May followed quickly with:

"The hunters shot the emu dead on the spot."

Lena continued promptly:

"The unicorn saw the hunters coming and fled to the woods."

"But what shall I do with N?" said Dora, who came next. "Must we confine ourselves to the mammals, Margaret?"

"No," was the answer. "We may use anything that Noah would have taken into the ark, and the command, you know, included 'every living thing.'"

"Then I have a sentence. 'The news glided away before the man could catch him.'"

"Yes," said Anna, "and you have kindly provided me with an easy letter. 'The tiger lay all day in the shade.'"

"The rat gnawed a hole through the floor," continued Bertha, promptly. "Now, Margaret, it's your turn again."

"Yes," said Margaret; "but, since you understand the game, we are going to play it properly; and first, Anna and Dora may choose sides."

As there were but eight girls present the sides were soon chosen. They were duly ranged opposite each other, the leaders sitting quite close together, according to Margaret's instructions.

She placed a light stand between them, and emptied upon it a quantity of small counters of red card-board.

"Now," she explained, "whenever one of the players on either side makes a correct sentence, the leader draws out a counter. Whenever a player fails to combine the name of an animal in a sentence, or makes an incorrect one, the leader returns one of the counters she holds to the pile. When each player has made five sentences, the game is closed, and the side whose leader holds the most counters is the winner. If a majority of the players wish it, the game may consist of more than five sentences, but never of less.

"Next, about the incorrect sentences. There are three kinds—first, mentioning an animal that has been given before in the same game; second, giving an animal an impossible action, like making a cat swim or a dog climb a tree; third, repeating exactly an action previously given. For instance, I made the fox run into his den. Had some one else made her lion, tiger or bear do the same thing, it would have been an incorrect sentence, and would have caused the forfeiture of a counter; and now we are ready to begin."

They played several games with much zest, and then Anna suggested that they should use geographical names instead of animals.

"But it will not be "Noah's Ark' then," said Dora.

"No," replied Anna. "When we play it that way, we call it 'Round the World.' So we'll have two games in one."

"That's a bright idea," agreed Margaret. "Let us try it that way."

They played a few games and pronounced the change very interesting.

"Now I have an idea," said Dora. "I'm going to invite twenty girls to our house some evening to play 'Noah's Ark,' and to the child that wins the most games I shall present

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

BUYING THE GOLD.

What Many Long-Headed Men Believe the Syndicate Intend.

Chicago, May 8.—A special to the Post from Washington says: The discovery that there is an actual basis for the report that the Morgan-Rothschild bond syndicate is conspiring to corner the gold market has been regarded as a foolish canard. It is a fact, however, that brokers representing this syndicate have been paying a premium for the refined gold output of the private refineries throughout the West during the last two months and that they are accumulating fine gold at the rate of $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 per month, which represents fully two-thirds of the entire gold output of the United States.

The attention of officials of the treasury department was first attracted to this peculiar business by the sharp falling off in the deposits of gold at the mints, and inquiry very soon developed that private parties were buying the product of the refineries. Further inquiry revealed that the metal thus purchased was drifting to New York, where it is being put in store to the credit of the Morgan-Rothschild syndicate. In order to divert the yellow stream from its usual channels leading into the United States mints, the private purchasers have been obliged to pay a premium of 1-16 to 1-2 cent. The premium paid for most of the gold was 1-8 cent, but so anxious have been the buyers to increase their lines and get everything in sight that they have marked up their quotations during the last few days. At the present time they are getting practically the entire output of the United tSates, excepting on the extreme Western coast.

Many long-headed men in Washington and Wall street, who are familiar with the methods of the parties composing the syndicate, have jumped to the conclusion that the foundation is being laid for another bond deal before Congress meets again.

The last bond deal of $62,000,000 has been pretty well closed out, over $51,000,000 in gold having been paid in out of the $64,000,000, and it is generally believed that the entire deal will be cleaned up before the first day of August.

Under the terms of the contract with the Treasury Department the Morgan-Rothschild syndicate has an option on any new bonds that may be issued by the government prior to October 1 next. The treasury is absolutely in their hands until that date. If, from natural causes or through chicanery and manipulation the administration is obliged to issue another batch of bonds to maintain the gold reserve the sale must be made to the syndicate that took the last issue. There is no escape from such action. It was nominated specifically in the contract signed by direction of the President. The clause in which the syndicate agrees to maintain the treasury reserve leaves the syndicate to be the judge as to what it can do in the premises or to what methods it shall adopt. If in the carrying out of that moral obligation the syndicate shall decide that the government must issue another $100,000,000 or $50,000,000 in bonds, the administration will have nothing to do but comply with the terms. If the President does not want to issue any more bonds at the dictation of the syndicate the reserve can be practically wiped out in ten days, and then if he should decide in self-protection to put out more bonds he must sell them to the Morgan-Rothschild people and nobody else.

OPPOSED TO CONVENTS.

Missouri Christian Endeavorers Ask for Legislative Interference.

Sedalia, Mo., May 8.—Before final adjournment the Missouri convention of the Christian Endeavor society adopted a resolution that: "In various places in the state of Missouri for many years past, the action of the United States had been violated and civil liberty outraged in that helpless girls and women have been illegally, cruelly and without due process of law, deprived of their liberty and incarcerated indefinitely in a condition of slavery in prison houses not recognized by the laws of the l nd, viz: Nunneries, reformatories, convents and other institutions of like nature, from which they can not be released by existing law, except by expensive litigation."

The session requested that the governor recommend to the legislature, now in session, the legislation which shall prevent the unwarranted arrest or detention of any person in this state.

GORDON IS FREE.

Crowd in the Court Room Cheered the Final Act in the Tragedy.

Louisville, May 10.—After arguments were completed in the Gordon case yesterday afternoon, Judge Thompson announced that he could not hold the prisoner, and that he would discharge him as an object lesson to others. Never was a crowd more demonstrative in its appreciation than was the immense throng in the police court when Judge Thompson announced in a clear tone the verdict in the case. Cheer after cheer went up, and hand after hand was thrust out to the judge to show how much his verdict was appreciated.

In explanation, the judge said that there was no evidence of guilt on Gordon's part, but that Arch Brown and Mrs. Gordon stood on the verge of an abyss of ruin and death, and their fate was only what could be expected. Thus ends the last chapter to the most sensational tragedy in the history of Kentucky.

AN ALIBI FOR DURANT.

May Clear Him in the Minnie Williams Case.

San Francisco, May 8.—Theodore Durant's attorneys have discovered evidence which will enable them to establish an alibi for their client, so far as the Williams murder case is concerned.

A Market street hair dresser states that Minnie Williams was a regular patron. She says Miss Williams entered her shop at 8 o'clock on the night of the disappearance. She had her hair dressed, leaving the shop at 8:25. It is estimated that by taking the car immediately she could not have reached Emanuel church until 8:50.

Durant's counsel argued that Durant could not thereafter have escorted her into the church, murdered her and then walked into Dr. Vogel's house where he arrived at 9:15.

POPULIST LOYAL LEGION.

Rev. Mr. Botkin Denies That the Organization Is Secret or Warlike.

Topeka, Kan., May 8.—The Rev. J. B. Botkin, commander of the Industrial Legion, the new Populist organization, denies that it is secret in its work, or warlike in its purposes. He says: "It simply is the political club of the People's Party, as the league is of the Republican party. The legion is more a military organization than the Republican League. It bears no arms more dangerous than pitchforks, hoes, rakes, jack-planes, shovels,, etc. Its intentions are of the most peaceable character. It will burn no houses, destroy no property, assassinate no human beings."

DRAINING THE LAKES.

Commission Appointed to Study Chicago Drainage Canal.

Cleveland, May 8.—Information has been received here of the appointment by Gen. Casey, chief of engineers of the War department, of Col. O. M. Poe, Maj. Earnest H. Ruffner and Capt. William L. Marshall, as a commission to determine and report upon the effect of the opening of the Chicago drainage canal upon the lake and harbor levels, and upon the navigation of the great lakes and their connecting waterways. The appointment was made at the request of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.

THE DELAWARE SENATORSHIP.

Case Will be Decided by the United States Senate.

Dover, Del., May 10.—The general assembly of Delaware adjourned sine die at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, without choosing a successor to ex-Senator Higgins, although the Republicans claim that their leading candidate, Col. Henry A. Dupont, was legally elected. The matter will probably be taken to the United States Senate for a decision.

The 211th ballot since the deadlock began four months ago was taken a few minutes before 3 o'clock. It resulted: Henry A. Dupont, Rep., 15; J. Edward Addicks, Rep., 4; Edward Ridgely, Dem., 9; Tunnel, Dem., 1.

During the day the Democrats filibustered with the object of preventing balloting, and when the state house clock rang out the hour of 3, and sounded the death knell of the legislative session of 1895, the clerk was in the midst of a roll call on a dilatory motion made by a Democrat.

As soon as Governor Watson (Dem.) who by reason of the fact that he was speaker of the Senate before his elevation to the gubernatorial chair, upon the death of Governor Marvil, presided over the joint session, announced the sine die adjournment, Speaker of the House McMullin (Rep.) arose and formally declared Henry A. Dupont elected United States Senator.

The Delaware legislature is composed of 21 Representatives and 9 Senators, 16 being a majority on joint ballot. The Republicans claim that when Senator Watson, by virtue of his position as speaker of the Senate, succeeded to the governorship, upon the death of Governor Marvil, one month ago, the number of Senators was reduced to eight, and therefore there were only 29 on joint ballot, and that 15 votes constituted a majority.

On the other hand the governor claims that the law distinctly declares that "the speaker of the Senate" shall become governor. Therefore, if Mr. Watson withdraws from the Senate, he ceases to be "speaker of the Senate, and consequently loses the governorship. Whether the governor has a right to appoint is a disputed question. If he has, the appointment will be only until the next legislature, which meets in January, 1896.

J. Edward Addicks has made good his threat to prevent the election of a Republican Senator from Delaware, if he could not secure the prize for himself.

THE A. P. A. COUNCIL.

President's Address a Long One, Bristling With Recommendations.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 9.—President Traynor, of the supreme body of the American Protective Association, today delivered an address of between 25,000 and 30,000 words, in which he made suggestions and recommendations covering practically every leading question of the day.

He denounced the laws which accept the vote of the ignorant foreigner who is unable to read or write the English language, and rejects the votes of the intelligent woman who is directly interested in the welfare of the nation and who has proven her ability to manage public affairs.

He declared that the city of Washington is "a perennial hotbed of Jesuitical lobbyists, who carry their points by bulldozing and boycotting senators and representatives."

He strongly urged the establishment of a national headquarters of the A. P. A. and a national organ at the national capital, with earnest officials chosen from the active and prominent representatives of the order from the various states of the Union. President Traynor then declared himself to be in hearty accord with the movement to extend the A. P. A. to every civilized country on the globe.

In regard to political action he recommended the effort to raise the standard of politics by educating the masses on the lines of patriotism laid down by the constitution and declaration of principles of the A. P. A., and advised the support of a new political party which will endorse the leading principles of the order, or the support of any national party which will endorse the leading principles of the order and accept the doctrines of the A. P. A.

President Traynor said the order had been extended to every state of the Union except Mississippi.

He believes that the A. P. A will assist materially in uniting the North and the South. He pronounced the city of New Orleans a hotbed of Romanism similar to Washington.

He declared that the national political parties had violated their pledges to the people in many yeases and intimated that they cannot be trusted unless they endorse the fundamental principles of the A. P. A.

He favored the suspension of immigration until the country has assimilated the foreigners which are now in it, and also favored the taxation of church property.

Friday's Session.

Milwaukee, May 10.—At to-day's session of the supreme council of the A. P. A. the report of the committee upon an international declaration of principles and the extension of the order to any and all countries of the world made its report through Col. E. H. Sellers, of Detroit, the chairman. The report was adopted unanimously by the supreme body. It is substantially what was sent out by the Associated Press on Wednesday.

The matter now goes to the high council of Canada, known as the C. P. A., and if it is approved by that body the new conditions will be put in force at once, and a supreme council of the world established. The organization will then become international and will have supervision over the various bodies of the world.

The committees on education and political action and the judiciary and executive committees made final reports and recomendations to-day. A number of changes in political and other affairs are understood to have been made.

The platform of the order as adopted and promulgated at the annual session a year ago at Des Moines, Iowa, was reaffirmed as the principles of the organization, no changes being made.

Milwaukee, Wis., May 13.—The supreme council of the A. P. A. closed its session in this city at 3 o'clock Sunday morning, and its last acts were among the most important of the week's work.

The junior A. P. A. was organized, which will be under the jurisdiction of the supreme council of the United States and will reach into Canada and England. Boys and girls, aged 14 to 18, will be eligible to membership. It is proposed to teach the children patriotism, and it is understood that the society will not be of the iron-clad, oath-bound order.

It was also decided to have a national political board, to be composed of members from the different states, who shall be appointed by the state councils.

President Traynor will appoint a committee of five to meet with the council of patriotic organizations at Washington, D. C., December 10, 1895, to take under consideration the question of the campaign of 1896. It is the intention to unify the action of the various patriotic organizations. The committee will also have charge of the A. P. A. legislation that is to be urged before Congress, including the proposed sixteenth amendment prohibiting the appropriation of public money for secular purposes, the citizenship act, etc.

MICHIGAN SWAMP LANDS.

Important Decision of the United States Court of Appeals.

Cincinnati, May 8.—In the cases of the Michigan Land and Lumber Co. against Rust, Pack, Woods and Balmar, the United States court of Appeals affirmed the District court decisions yesterday. The cases involve 35,000 acres of land valued at a million dollars, in Michigan. In 1850 Congress passed an act authorizing states having swamp land unfit for cultivation to dispose of it.

The Michigan Land and Lumber Co. obtained these lands through the false surveys and brought suit to recover the lands that the United States had sold to various persons.

This settles the swamp land cases. The Land and Lumber Co. by this decision, loses $500,000, the present market value of the land, although it only cost them about $2,500 originally.

THE VIRGINIA MINERS.

They Employ Counsel to Advise Them of Their Rights.

Bluefield, Va., May 11.—The situation in Pocahontas is unchanged. The miners held a large meeting in West Virginia, just a mile from the Virginia line late last night. It was entirely orderly. The union men are carefully watching the introduction of non-union miners, and have men at all the eastern points of the Norfolk & Western, where the incoming men will be informed of the situation. The output of coal was larger yesterday than at any time since the strike. Twenty-five more of the Virginia miners joined the union last evening. They now have 685 of the 739 of the men at Pocahontas. The strikers have employed counsel to advise them as to their rights.

Pittsburg, May 11.—The agreement between the Pittsburg miners and the Illinois operators has given a great impetus to the coal strike here. As a result all the mines working on the Wheeling division of the Baltimore & Ohio came out yesterday, except the Pittsburg and Chicago companies' men at Snowden and Gastonville. The miners have called a mass meeting at Finleyville to-day. From there they will march to the Snowden and Gastonville mines, and attempt to bring out the men working there. Failing in this, the convention on Monday will order out all the miners in the Pittsburg district.

WILL BE A LOCKOUT.

Nine Thousand Rhode Island Weavers May be Idle Till Fall.

Providence, R. I., May 11.—All the Providence mills, from present indications, will close to-night for an indefinite period, unless the operatives consent to go to work at the old schedule.

I. G. Ladd, of the Saxon mill, stated that help will soon find out that the manufacturers are in earnest, and that notices posted in the mills were not merely idle threats. He said that all mills would positively be closed Monday, and that they were prepared to continue the lockout until fall. The operatives regard this as a threat. If the mills clore, 1,000 operatives who have remained at work, will be thrown out, and there will be over 9,000 idle in the city.

WAGES VOLUNTARILY RAISED.

Ten Per Cent Seems to be About the Gait.

Pittsburg, May 11.—The Oliver Iron and Steel Company yesterday granted the Amalgamated scale in all departments of the mill, and the men will return to work at once. The company voluntarily advanced the laborers 10 per cent.

All employes in the Carrie furnace were given an increase of 10 per cent. yesterday.

The big Newcastle plant of the James P. Witherow Company, which has been idle over a year owing to financial difficulties, is to be started up at once. Six hundred men will be employed.

CARPENTER STRIKE SETTLED.

Galveston Carpenters Win the Eight-Hour Day.

alveston, Tex., May 13.—The differences between the carpenters and contractors which has caused a suspension of nearly all building here for more than a week, was adjusted at a meeting of the Building Trades' assembly, the carpenters practically winning the fight. They demand an eight-hour day at 35 cents an hour, and the adjustment agreed to to-day puts into effect at once the eight-hour proposition, but the rate of pay is to be 30 cents per hour until July, when 35 cents per hour will be paid. Work will be generally resumed to-day.

STIFF IN THE NECK.

Iron Workers Who Refuse a Ten Per Cent Advance.

Benwood, W. Va., May 11.—The employes of the Wheeling Iron Company and the Riverside Iron and Steel Company here have refused to accept the 10 per cent. advance made yesterday. They have made a demand for 20 per cent. more, to bring the wages up to the standard of 1892. They threaten to go out Monday if the advance is not granted. These mills employ 4,000 men.

DEMAND BETTER PAY.

Braddock Steel Men Ask for an Increase in Wages.

Pittsburg, May 11.—The 1,500 employes of the Carnegie Steel company's plant at Braddock yesterday made a formal demand for an increase ranging from 10 to 20 per cent. The company was given until the 15th to make an answer. The company had evidently anticipated such a move, and had enough pig metal stored at the mill to keep it in operation for more than a month.

Help From Illinois.

Pittsburg, May 10.—There is little change in the miners strike situation. The mines that are running at the 60 cent rate are receiving new recruits daily, and the number of men at work is steadily increasing. The miners officials will not give up the fight, however, and several meetings were held yesterday throughout the district for the purpose of trying to bring out those who are at work.

In support of the reported combination between the miners here and the Illinois operators it was stated last night that the first $10,000 of the money from the Illinois operators is to arrive here Monday. The miners are to hold a convention here Monday to decide on calling out all the miners in the district.

Pittsburg, May 10.—President Cairns, of the miners in this district, announced yesterday that he would probably call out all the mihers in the Pittsburg district inside of a week. He included in this all the mines now paying the union price. He proposed to have the miners camp about the mines of the New York and Cleveland Company at Plum Creek, and those of the Pittsburg and Chicago at Snowden and Finlayville. Mr. Cairns said:

"With the money we get from the Illinois miners we expect to establish camps so that the non-union men will have to pass through our camps in order to go to work, and we can win them over. There will be about 5,000 men in each camp."

At Massillon.

Massillon, O., May 10.—Contrary to expectations, the miners employed by E. G. Krause & Co., have not returned to work at 60 cents. The men had decided to accept these terms, but when the whistle blew State President Ratchford and District Presiden Mossop appeared upon the scene, and argued so effectively for a united stand, that the miners returned home. Mr. Ratchford says that there is not the slightest possibility that the local districts will adjust their own prices. "There will be no resumption of work," he says, "until the scale is signed for the entire state." District President Mossop has called upon the Massillon miners to meet in delegate convention in the hall of the Trades and Labor Assembly at Massillon, Monday, May 13, at 10 o'clock.

Miners Anxious to Work.

Pomeroy, O., May 10.—The miners' strike in this district is practically ended. The miners at several mines have concluded to stand the reduction of one-fourth cent a bushel, and have gone to work at the 1 3-4 cent rate. It is believed that all the mines will resume next week. On the strength of the prospective immediate resumption, three large contracts for coal were made yesterday. By reason of poor work last year the miners are not in a financial condition to maintain a prolonged struggle.

Strikers Enjoined by Court.

Galveston, May 10.—In the District Court to-day the injunction restraining the striking employes of the cotton and wool mills from interfering with new employes was made permanent. The mills are now running regularly.

Lincoln's Day a Holiday.

Albany, N. Y., May 9.—The bill making the birthday of Abraham Lincoln a legal holiday, has passed both houses of the state legislature.

A CAT SHOW.

London's Success May be Duplicated in This Country.

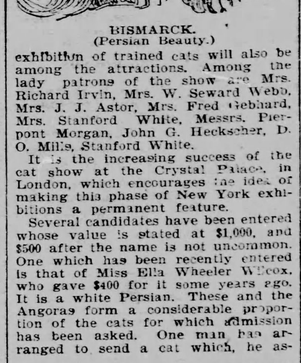
New York, May 9.—The national cat show will begin its first annual exhibition in the Madison Square Garden to-day. This will be the first show of the kind ever held in America. The managers offer nearly $1,000 in prizes, distributed among forty different classes. Many handsome special prizes have also been offered. An

BISMARCK.
(Persian Beauty.)

exhibition of trained cats will also be among the attractions. Among the lady patrons of the show are Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. W. Seward Webb, Mrs. J. J. Astor, Mrs. Fred Gebhard, Mrs. Stanford White, Messrs. Pierpont Morgan, John G. Heckscher, D. O. Mills, Stanford White.

It is the increasing success of the cat show at the Crystal Palace, in London, which encourages the idea of making this phase of New York exhibitions a permanent feature.

Several candidates have been entered whose value is stated at $1,000, and $500 after the name is not uncommon. One which has been recently entered is that of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who gave $400 for it some years ago. It is a white Persian. These and the Angoras form a considerable proportion of the cats for which admission has been asked. One man has arranged to send a cat which, he asserts, weighs forty-five pounds. The exhibition will contain many of the odd specimens of the feline race, among them Manx cats, the tailless animal from the Isle of Man; the civet cat, the lynx, Japanese cats, wildcats and ocelots, the domestic animals of the Mexican household. A well known judge is Rush Shippen Huidekoper, M. D., of No. 154 East Fifty-sixth street, who is the author of the only American book on cats. Jersey has a cat, hailing from Barnegat Bay, said to have come ashore from a sinking vessel and to be minus the caudal appendage and to have extra claws. There will be great competition for a special prize of $50 offered by Charles R. Pratt for the best exhibit of cats made by any one person, and a piece of plate for the best exhibit by a hotel proprietor is also sure to bring out something fine. Mrs. Richard F. Carman will give a silver cat collar for the best long-haired cat in the show. The Grenoble Hotel will offer a silver bowl for the largest pussy. James H. Hyde, the secretary,



TWO OF MRS. WOODBURY'S ENTRIES.

MRS. SEWARD WEBB'S PETS.

will present a silver fruit spoon for the best of the short-haired order. Many special prizes will be offered. The ugliest cat in the show will be duly honored by the award of a $10 gold piece. Mrs. Basil Hall will have her Persian Chappie on exhibition. Mr. Moore, of the Bank of New Amsterdam, has a long-haired white one of this variety that is said to have a good chance for the first prize. Miss Minerva Dorr is fond of the Angora branch of the feline family, and has one called Puft Dorr, and another known as Niggie Norcross, both of which will be exhibited. Miss Harriet Clarke, of No. 154 West Eighty-second street, will also compete with her Persians, which are from the best known winners of the English shows, and imported by her. Her pets include a very fine silver tabby with amber eyes and all the other perfections of this variety. Mrs. Ladenburg has a cat called Bismarck that is said to be peerless.

WILL MISS WILLARD MARRY?

Yet Stranger Things Than This Rumored Have Happened.

Chicago, May 11.—A story is floating around in women's temperance circles to the effect that Miss Frances Willard, the famous temperance leader, may be led to the altar before autumn. The gentleman in the case is alluded to without name, as "An Englishman of wealth and position and of prominence in reform work across the water."

Miss Willard's most intimate friends, however, point to the fact that she is **just entering upon her fifty-sixth year,** and say that she has not harbored any prospective change in her domestic relations in any of her recent communications.

One of her closest friends said today: "Miss Willard has always regarded the temperance movement as her spouse, and we could hardly imagine her wedded to any other. At the same time I will confess that stranger things have happened. Let us wait and see."

Miss Willard has for some time been the guest of Lady Somerset at Reigate, England. She will pay a flying visit to this country in October and then return abroad.

THEY TOUCHED ELBOWS.

Blue and Grey Marched Together at Charlotte, N. C.

Raleigh, N. C., May 11—Yesterday was observed in North Carolina as Memorial day. The chief ceremonies were at Raleigh, Wilmington and Charlotte. At Charlotte the ex-Confederate veterans and Grand Army men of Hartranft post marched together under the escort of the military and naval reserves, and united in decorating 300 Confederate graves. Asheville, N. C., May 11.—Confederate Memorial day was generally observed here. At the First Baptist church ex-Speaker Charles F. Crisp delivered an address. A feature of the occasion was the singing of "The Old North State" by several hundred voices.

English Buying Our Mines.

Little Rock, May 8.—It is learned from reliable authority that the big mineral deal which has been on for some time with an English syndicate has been closed. This deal involves the famous Morning Star mine, with a large tract in Marion county. The purchase price is about $300,000.

Reviving the Hanging Law.

Lansing, Mich., May 10.—The Senate has reported favorably the Smalley bill, providing the death penalty for murder in the first degree with executions by hanging.

SENATOR MITCHELL TALKS.

Says the Silver Sentiment Has Become Cyclonic Everywhere.

Portland, Ore., May 11.—A morning paper publishes a personal letter from Senator John L. Mitchell, to Secretary of State Harrison R. Kincaid, in which the Senator expresses the hope that the state convention of Young Men's Republican clubs to be held in this city May 22, will adopt a resolution on the money question.

In view of the fact that Senator Mitchell is one of the ablest leaders of the Republican party in this state, and the recognized leader of the silver faction, his opinions and desires will carry much weight with the convention. In part Senator Mitchell's letter is as follows:

"It certainly must be gratifying to you, and I am sure it is to me, to see the headway the silver sentiment is making throughout the country. It seems to have become cyclonic. People are beginning to understand the question. They are just coming to realize how their interests have been murdered for the past few years by gold, which is going up at the rate of 5 per cent annum all the time, thus depressing the price of every commodity in the same proportion. I hope the Republican state club association, when it meets in Portland May 22 will speak out boldly and fearlessly on this money question. The leaders of the Republican party now in the East are beginning to realize for the first time that they cannot win the next fight with a straddle-bug resolution on the money question in the platform."

WHAT BLAND THINKS.

If Grover Isn't Thrown Overboard the Party Will Disappear.

Denver, Col., May 11.—Hon. Richard P. Bland, ex-Congressman from Missouri, who will open a Colorado lecture tour to-night, speaking on the "Fight of Twenty Years in Congress for Free Coinage and the Fight Yet to Come," said in an interview to-day that in his opinion nothing can prevent a victory for the silver forces in the Presidential election next year.

"The time has come," he said, "when no concessions, no compromise, no trifling will be permitted. The Democratic party must throw Cleveland overboard or go to destruction.

"I am a Democrat, and believe that members of that party will be strong enough to down Cleveland, office-holders and all. If the Democratic party does not put up a free silver man and come out squarely for free silver, it will disappear as a political factor."

HAVE GONE SILVER MAD.

Illinois Democrats All in Line for White Metal.

Springfield, Ills., May 9.—Secretary of State Hinrichsen, chairman of the Democratic state committee, said that twenty counties so far held conventions and without exception they have declared for free silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. "These twenty counties," said Mr. Hinrichsen, "have 463 of the 1,076 delegates in the state convention, so that the gold men stand a very poor show of making any fight at all in the convention. Only one county committee so far has refused to call a convention. I am expecting that the state convention will declare for free silver without a dissenting vote."

No Sound Money Delegates.

Mobile, Ala., May 11.—The Mobile Commercial club, at its annual meeting last night, elected Hon. Z. M. P. Inge president. A motion by Edwin Craighead, editor of the Mobile Register, to send delegates to the Memphis sound money convention was defeated by a decisive vote. The club is composed of the leading merchants and bankers of the city. Mobile is the home of Congressman Clarke, who has supported the gold standard so strenuously.

Governor McGraw Is Not for Silver.

Spokane, Wash., May 9.—When Governor McGraw was here last week he stated in an interview that he had declined to appoint delegates to the silver convention to be held at Salt Lake on May 15. Advocates of free coinage thereupon called a mass meeting for last night, and Patrick Henry Winston, Mayor Belt, B. C. Kingsbury, and Attorney General Jones were selected as delegates.

Texas Anti-Silver Dems.

Waco, Tex., May 9.—Delegates are on hand for the anti-silver 16 to 1 meeting this afternoon, and telegrams received indicate a large attendance. The sentiment expressed represents the Cleveland money idea, and the position to be taken will accord fully therewith. All parts of Texas will be represented. Delegates will be named for the Memphis convention.

Texas Democrats on the Fence.

Dallas, May 8.—Chairman Dudley called a meeting of the executive committee of the Democratic party of Texas at Dallas on the 27th inst. for the purpose of defining the position of the party on silver. He says the issue now must be met and the party united for action next year with its common enemy.

Oklahoma Republicans for Silver.

Guthrie, O. T., May 8.—A number of Republicans have inaugurated a movement for free silver, and will at once open headquarters and organize free silver leagues all over the territory looking to the selection of free silver delegates to the Republican convention.

BENJAMIN HARRISON RETIRES.

Will Never Again be Seen Actively Engaged in Any Pursuit.

Richmond, Ind., May 11.—Ex-President Harrison made the closing speech for the plaintiffs in the Morrison will case. The court room was packed, many persons of note being present from both Ohio and Indiana. Mr. Harrison was in splendid health, both mentally and physically, and made a magnificent speech.

Yesterday the ex-President made the crowning and closing effort of his life in his chosen profession, for with this speech Gen. Harrison finishes his career in the active practice of law. Friday night Mr. Tibbott, his private secretary, authorized this assertion:

"You may state with authority," said he, "that Mr. Harrison will never again speak before any jury, as this argument is his last. He will soon abandon the practice of law entirely, and will never again be seen so actively engaged in any pursuit."

AFTER GOVERNOR MORRILL.

Not Likely the Warrant Will Ever be Issued.

Topeka, Kan., May 11.—Complaint charging Governor E. N. Morrill with having obtained money under false pretenses was filed in the office of Justice of the Peace Grover yesterday afternoon. It is the suit referred to in these dispatches some days ago, now being brought into court. Justice Grover said, soon after the complaint had been filed, that he would not issue a warrant for Governor Morril's arrest until he had been directed to do so by County Attorney Safford.

Attorney Safford when seen said that there was no evidence of false pretenses shown in the examination. "There is no danger of the defendant running away," added he, "so I will lay aside the complaint and sleep on it to-night." It is not at all likely that the warrant will be served on Governor Morrill.

BURNED HIM IN EFFIGY.

Tennesseeans Do Not Like Governor Turney Any Too Well.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 13.—Gov. Turney was burned and hanged in effigy last night in Unicoi county, in the eastern part of the state, the ceremony being witnessed by a large crowd. A scaffold was erected at Erwin, the county seat, and a dummy dressed as much after the fashion of Turney as possible, was brought up. The noose was adjusted by the sheriff of the county and the trap was sprung. The effigy was then saturated with kerosene and the match applied.

W. H. Benedict, defaulting Treasurer Taylor's brother-in-law, has been held for trial for conspiracy in looting the state treasury.

Ex-Congressman Bland was given a reception by the Woman's League at Denver Monday night.

FOREIGN.

JAPAN AND THE TREATY.

She Cleverly Keeps One Foot on the Disputed Territory.

Washington, May 10.—An official dispatch from Tokio received at the Japanese legation yesterday afternoon states that ratifications of the treaty of peace between Japan and China were exchanged at Che Foo on Wednesday.

No change was made in the text of the treaty as originally concluded. Taking into account, however, the recommendations made by Russia, Germany and France, the Japanese government have agreed to renounce the permanent possession of the Liao Tung peninsula on condition that arrangements regarding the terms and form of renunciation shal be reserved for adjustment between itself and the government of China.

This latter stipulation is construed to mean that Japan will not surrender the peninsula until a suitable indemnity shall have been paid and that it may have been agreed between Japan and China that the possession of Port Arthur itself will be retained by the Japanese for a term of years extending beyond the date when the indemnity has been paid in full, thus assuring to Japan not alone the payment of the indemnity itself, but also sufficient time to safeguard herself against anything like a war of reprisal.

It will be remembered that the treaty of peace itself provides that Wei-Hai-Wei shall be held until the first one hundred millions of the indemnity and the next two annual instalments have been paid, so that with the added guarantee by the occupation of Port Arthur, even though only temporary, the Japanese government would prefer to have taken every possible precaution for the future.

The foregoing statement is official, coming direct from Tokio, by cable. The understanding is that it embodies the reply which Japan recently gave to the protest of Russia and the allied powers.

THE TREATY RATIFIED.

What Japan's Surrender of Claims Means to the World.

London, May 9.—A dispatch to the Times from Chefoo says that the ratifications of the treaty of peace between China and Japan were exchanged at midnight. The dispatch adds that Russia disclaims any aggressive designs against Manchuria, and asserts that she is acting on a purely defensive footing against Japan.

Paris, May 9.—The Figaro this morning, referring to the negotiations between Japan and Russia, France and Germany for a modification of the treaty of Shimonoseki, says that it has been left to Spain to draft a plan for a final settlement of the matters in dispute between Japan and the three powers.

Marietta, O., May 9.—James Creelman, the war correspondent who is here engaged in writing his historical book, says that the action of Russia in forcing Japan to abandon all thoughts of conquest on the Chinese mainland, will prove a blessing to the civilized world.

It means that Korea is to be absolutely independent. Mr. Creelman declares that Russia was justified in believing that the Japanese intended to gradually annex the Korean peninsula. The Korean king is to-day a mere puppet in the hands of Count Inouye, and all national movements among the Korean people are ruthlessly impressed by Japanese troops.

With Japan guarding on one side of the gulf and China on the other Europe would find itself powerless to deal with either of them. Russia has in no sense taken from Japan any legitimate spoils of war. The Japanese have from the very beginning declared that the sole object of the struggle was to free Korea.

China's War Debt.

London, May 8.—A dispatch from Shanghai says the Chinese emperor has written to the czar and President Faure asking for financial assistance to meet the war expenses, and proposes to grant special commercial privileges to Russia and France in return therefor.

Berlin, May 8.—Rumors are current here that a 6 per cent. Chinese war indemnity loan will be issued at 1.02. The emperor of China intends to send a special mission to the czar, Emperor William and President Faure, of France, to thank them for their intervention.

France Flies Its Claim.

Paris, May 8.—The Soleil touches on the Eastern question with the following suggestion: "The services rendered to Russia and Germany in securing a revision of the treaty should result in the cession of the Pescadore Islands to France, since the presence there of the Japanese is as menacing to France as they would be at Port Arthur to Russia."

The Matin remarks: "A change has occurred in the world outside of Europe. England no longer lays down the law. If chesnuts are to be taken out of the fire there will also be large pieces taken out of certain mouths, and this is only a beginning."

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Spaniards Sick of Fighting, Will Try to Win by Building Railroads.

Tampa, Fla., May 10.—Passengers arriving on the Plant steamship Mascotte say the condition of things is encouraging to the insurgents in Cuba.

Camaguay has been invaded by Gomez, and he, with 3,000 insurgents, besieged Guaimaro on Monday. There were about 2,000 Spaniards in the city, and after fighting became disastrous for the besieged, the regiment of Cadiz, numbering about 2,500, arrived, attacking the Cubans in the rear. Gomez quickly recovered from the first onslaught, and while a small force kept up the conflict with the forces of the city, his main body faced the new enemy. Fighting was very fierce, but it is asserted that strategy of Gomez and the valor of the insurgents resulted in their victory. The regiment of Cadiz, it is said, was routed and cut to pieces by pursuing Cubans. The city was taken and is now in possession of the insurgents. The Cuban loss in killed and wounded is put at 700, while it is asserted that the Spanish lost in killed and wounded was 3,000.

Smallpox and yellow fever are said to be very prevalent. Campos is said to be greatly displeased with the situation and the Cuban insurgent leaders are hopeful of another crisis in the cabinet, which will require Campos to return.

The Spanish government, it is said, desires to build a railroad from Puerto Principe to Santa Cruz to give 100 or three thousand men employment, thus preventing their taking arms with insurgents, and government agents are reported en route for Philadelphia or New York to borrow the money to build the road.

CUBAN EMISSARIES

Raising an Army for Insurgents in the South.

New Orleans, La., May 13.—A special to the Picayune from Montgomery, Ala., says:

A prominent railroad official said last night had had positive information that the Cuban patriots had emissaries all over the South, working up recruits for the rebel army, which, he said, was in the neighborhood of Montgomery, and had arranged to take about a hundred men from hereabouts. They leave as farm laborers, and will be put through the Cuba on small vessels from minor points along the Florida coast. The official says these agents are operating in the backwoods districts and stealthily avoid the towns. The official promises to vouchsafe more information on the subject later.

NICARAGUA WILL PAY.

Combine of Central American States Generally Looked For.

Managua, Nicaragua, via Galveston, May 9.—There is no longer any doubt that Great Britain will receive her smart money on time. The fifteen thousand pounds sterling to be paid by Nicaragua to Great Britain has been raised by popular donations. Three German mercantile firms have given about £2,000, and the whole amount will be ready to be paid in London in a few days.

The raising of the money, however, has only increased popular feeling in Nicaragua against Great Britain, and the feeling is now very bitter indeed; more so, if possible, than when the British landed at Corinto.

The general opinion seems to be that the Central American republics will form a combination, possibly secret, against Great Britain, and that everything possible will be done to exclude British goods from Central America. This feeling will probably result in commercial gain to the United States. There is no doubt, however, that the action of the three German firms in subscribing so liberally to the indemnity fund, will prove a good stroke of business to them.

TALK IN NICARAGUA.

United States Protectorate, or Annexation Discussed.

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Managua, Nicaragua, May 9, via Galveston, May 10.—Many prominent Nicaraguans, some of them being in high official positions, are openly favoring the establishment by the United States of a protectorate over Nicaragua, or the incorporation of the country into the great republic. They declare that peace and prosperity would then result, the wonderfully rich natural resources of Nicaragua would be developed, and a financial system be organized, by which all of the country's just debts would be cancelled.

THE MOSQUITO COUNTRY

Ripe for Trouble and British Intervention.

Washington, May 8.—The fact that the Nicaraguan revolution is along the east shore is regarded as significant. This is the Mosquito region in which British influence has long been dominant, and which has recently been created a state, under the name of Zelaya. It has been apprehended by Central American diplomats that if the Mosquito natives made trouble it would afford opportunity for further British intervention. One of the best posted diplomats from that section says he considers it inevitable that the Mosquito natives will rebel and attempt to restore Chief Clarence to the throne. This would be a denial of Nicaragua's sovereignty over the new state of Zelava, and in the judgment of this diplomat Great Britain would support Clarence.

MANITOBA SCHOOL ROW.

Legislature Dodged the Issue and Adjourned to June 13.

Winnipeg, Man., May 10.—The battle now raging over separate schools is to be further continued. Upon the reassembling of the Manitoba legislature yesterday afternoon Premier Greenway asked the house to order a further adjournment until June 13.

No sooner had the premier taken his seat than J. F. Martin, a leader of the opposition, was on his feet and for hours he spoke in opposition to the premier's motion to adjourn. He claimed that the duty of the government was to at once decide upon this school matter. He was himself Catholic and represented his co-religionists there. The delay he asserted, was simply a move to shelve the responsibility upon other shoulders. At this evening's session Mr. Martin concluded his speech and the question was then put: "Shall the rules be suspended?"

There was no dissenting voice and the legislature was declared adjourned to June 13.

The action of the government in moving for adjournment is explained by the statement that new points have arisen which demand further consideration. Some may think this adjournment looks like a sign of compromise, but the members who are in the confidence of the ministry one and all support the adjournment. It would not be satisfying to them if this meant any backdown on the part of the cabin

TROUBLE IN DOLE'S CABINET.

Ministers Quarrelling About the Rebel Prisoners.

Honolulu, May 2, via San Francisco, May 9.—Rumors of a rupture in the Cabinet have been common for two days. The disagreement is said to be over the disposition of the rebel prisoners. Ministers Damon and King are in favor of liberating all the prisoners but the ring leaders, but are opposed by Minister Hatch and Attorney-General Smith. It is said

WASHINGTON.

OUR SILVER DOLLARS.

Not More Than One-Tenth of Them in Circulation.

Washington, May 8.—"All this talk about wanting more silver coined is evidently not because the people want to handle more of the metal itself," said an officer of the treasury department talking to the Blade correspondent yesterday. "Every one who comes in from the West and South reports an increasing demand for silver, but we don't get any increased demand for the dollars themselves."

"How many of the silver dollars are there in circulation?"

"About the same as there has been all along, between fifty and sixty millions. The number does not seem to change much. The people prefer paper money evidently, for they defy all efforts of the department to keep more than this in circulation. We have been trying for years to keep the silver dollars out, but from the time Congress authorized the issue of silver certificates in the place of silver dollars, we have been unable to do so. The people learned during the war the advantages and conveniences of paper money, and you can't break them of it."

"Where do the fifty odd millions of silver dollars that are in circulation seem to be located?"

"Largely in the South, though some of them in the West, and among the factory people to some extent. As a rule it is the poor people, and those who do not patronize banks, who want silver coin."

"How do you account for that?"

"Largely because they find it less destructible. They often want to save up little sums, putting it by in some safe place for future use, and they find silver coin less likely to be destroyed. Frequently we have application from people who say their bills were destroyed by mice or other small animals. But the largest number of complaints of that sort are from people whose money has been burned. We are constantly receiving application from parties who say that they have lost small sums by fire, and wanting to know if there is any way of getting it back again. Of course they have read somewhere of the occasional incidents when the identification of charred bills has been possible. But those are rare cases, and as a rule the person whose bills are burned loses them altogether. So the people who do not deposit their little savings in banks do not need more than one experience with mice or fire to lead them to prefer metallic money for savings. And they find it difficult to get gold, so they natually turn to silver dollars. That accounts for the large number of silver dollars one finds in circulation in the country, small towns and cities, in the South and West especially. Yet only about one-tenth of our circulation having a silver basis is really in circulation as silver coin. Nine-tenths of it is in paper. And the people of the cities and towns, as well as many in the country, will not have the coin if they can get the paper. We see instances of that every day right here in our cash room. We pay out silver dollars, anxious to do all we can to keep them out, but the parties receiving them go straight from the paying teller's window to that of the officer whose duty it is to exchange notes for coin if presented, and demand silver certificates."

"Then you do not find any increase in the use of silver coin because of the increased demand for free coinage of silver?"

"None whatever."

BRAZIL'S CURRENCY

Her Experience Much Like That of United States.

Washington, May 10.—The republic of Brazil is having an experience in finance much like that of the United States, but her methods of dealing with the subject are different and they promise to advance her to an enviable position. Senor Mendonca, the Brazilian minister here, has been a close student of the recent financial developments in his country, and this with his long service in the United States permits him to make interesting observations.

He has received copies of the recent decree for an international loan of 100,000,000 contos, or $50,000,000. Part of this was taken by the people in the form of a popular loan such as Senator Sherman urged as the most desirable manner of floating bonds. Of this $10,000,000 was at once used in redeeming paper money, and $15,000,000 more will be used for the same purpose. The important feature of this step is that Brazil has begun to strengthen her gold reserve and reduce her paper money, with a view to bringing her two forms of currency—gold and paper—to an equality. It will not be bimetallism, as Brazil has little silver except for subsidiary coin, but it will inaugurate the unique but effective system of gold and paper circulating side by side on an equality.

"At the present time," said Senor Mendonca, "our paper currency is worth 40 cents on the dollar in gold. This depreciation was due to the large issue of paper some years ago, and under the provisional government before the republic was constitutionally organized. The printing presses were started and a flood of paper bills, aggregating $375,000,000, or little short of the United States issue of 'greenbacks' was put into circulation. The gold reserve of Brazil remained at $100,000,000. The natural result, therefore, of putting out this large amount of paper while the gold reserve remained unchanged, was to send gold to a premium and the paper money to a discount. At one time our paper circulation was so small compared with the gold balance that paper was actually at a premium over gold, each paper milreis being a gold penny above par. But with the increase of the paper currency its value gradually fell until, as I have stated, the current rate is about 40 cents on the dollar of gold or 60 per cent. discount."

Senor Mendonca was asked: "Will Brazil ultimately be on a strictly gold basis, meeting paper, bonds and all obligations in gold?"

"It isn't so much that as it is a determined purpose to restore complete credit to its paper currency," said he. "There is some silver used as subsidiary coin, but not sufficient to give us bimetallism in the sense used in the United States, with gold and silver coined and circulating side by side. With us it is gold and paper, instead of gold and silver, and we expect to make our paper, as good as gold."

LOANED TO THE STATES.

Twenty-Eight Million Would be a Lift to the National Treasury.

Washington, May 11.—A very interesting question has been raised as to whether, in view of the depleted condition of the treasury the twenty-six states of the Union which in 1837 received from the general government deposits amounting to over $28,000,000 could not be made to refund.

Early in 1836 Congress having refused to extend the charter of the Bank of the United States found the government in possession of between forty and fifty millions of dollars for which it had no present need, nor suitable place for safe keeping. On June 23 of that year an act was passed authorizing the secretary of the treasury to deposit, under certain specified conditions, all of this money save five million dollars, with the states, on their assuming the obligation of payment on demand.

Section 13 of the act reads as follows: "And be it further enacted that the money which shall be in the treasury of the United States the first day of January, 1837, reserving the sum of $5,000,000, shall be deposited with such of the several states, in proportion to their respective representation in the Senate and House of Representatives, as shall by law authorize their treasurers to receive the same on the terms hereinafter specified, and the secretary of the treasury shall deliver the same to the treasurers or other competent authorities on receiving a certificate of deposit therefor, which certificate shall express the usual and legal obligations, and pledge the faith of the state for the safe keeping and repayment thereof, and shall pledge the faith of the states receiving the same, whenever

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

the same shall be required by the secretary of the treasury."

Section 14 provides that the deposits shall be made on the first day of January, April, July and October, 1837. Only the first three deposits, however, were made, that of October having been withheld. Three deposits were actually made, and the sum of money which each of the 26 states received as stated in several annual reports of the secretary of the treasury to have been as follows, cents omitted:

Maine, $955,838; New Hampshire, $669,086; Vermont, 669,036; Massachusetts, $1,338,173; Connecticut, $764,670; Rhode Island, $382,335; New York, $4,014,520; Pennsylvania, $2,867,514; New Jersey, $764,670; Ohio, $2,007,260; Indiana, $860,254; Illinois, $477,919; Michigan, $286,751; Delaware, $286,571; Maryland, $955,838; Virginia, $2,198,427; North Carolina, $1,433,757; South Carolina, $1,051,422; Georgia, $1,051,422; Alabama, $669,086; Louisiana, $477,919; Mississippi, $382,335; Tennessee, $1,433,757; Kentucky, $1,433,757; Missouri, $382,335; Arkansas, $286,751; total, $28,101,633.

In his annual report for 1885 the United States treasurer says: "That the 'fiction' that these deposits amounting to $28,101,633 may some day become available has ceased to be held. It is a very singular fact that the records of the treasury department do not show that any demand has ever been made on the states for the payment of this money. It seems to be the general opinion that the act of Congress would be necessary before steps could be taken to compel a repayment, but whether such an act will be passed through Congress is extremely doubtful, in view of the fact that the representatives of 26 states in both houses would be interested in its defeat."

THE INCOME TAX.

Supreme Court Expected to Give Its Decision May 20.

Washington, May 9.—There is a fear in the Treasury department that the United States Supreme court may destroy the income tax. This apprehension was admitted yesterday by one of the high officials of the internal revenue bureau. He stated also that it his belief that Justice Jackson is a Democrat of the Justice Field school, and that he will cast the deciding vote against the law. It is remarkable how many well informed lawyers and politicians, Democrats as well as Republicans, voice the same sentiment.

"I have said that the Treasury people fear that Justice Jackson may decide against the constitutionality of the law," continued the official. "I am satisfied that the Treasury would prefer to have the income tax law overthrown altogether rather than have it declared to be in force in the form in which it was left by the supreme court before a rehearing was granted. I do not believe that the emasculated law, as left by the first decision, would yield the treasury more than seven million dollars. It is a fact that the decision has had the effect to prevent the internal revenue bureau from receiving more than a fractional part of the returns that were expected. There is no question that the great city of New York, the center of the corporations of the country, not more than 25 per cent of the corporations have made their returns. We are informed that it is the purpose of these corporations, even if the income tax law as a whole shall not now be decided to be unconstitutional, to contest the income tax law at every stage.

Washington, May 9.—The re-hearing of the income tax case in the supreme court was concluded at 2 o'clock yesterday and the nine judges took the question of the act's constitutionality in whole or in part under consideration. On the 20th of this month the court will meet, probably for the last time this term, to render its decisions in pending cases, and it is expected that its conclusions upon the income tax case will be announced at that time.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, finished the closing argument, which he had begun yesterday, speaking until 2 o'clock and receiving the closest attention from the justices and a crowd of spectators. Justice Jackson was one of the most attentive of the nine men on the bench throughout the hearing, and seems to have borne the strain well, considering the condition of his health.

CASE HAS NO PARALLEL.

Delaware Senatorial Situation is Unique in Many Respects.

Washington, May 13.—The probability that Governor Watson will appoint a man as senator from Delaware to succeed Senator Higgins and to contest Colonel Dupont's claim to the seat is considered sufficiently strong about Washington to cause a general speculation as to what would be the chances of his being seated.

The history of the Senate does not furnish a parallel case to that which would be presented in case of such action by the Delaware governor, but it is more like the case of two years ago presented from the state of Wyoming, Montana and Washington than any others. It is similar to those in so far as it would involve the governor's right to appoint when the legislature has failed to elect, but it will develop other questions, important among which would be the right of the governor to act in the capacity of a state senator while filling the executive office. The cases of the Northwestern states also differ from that which would be presented from Delaware in that there was no counter claimant in any of them.

This is the third time there has been a vacancy in the United States Senate from Delaware. Previous to this session the legislature has twice failed to elect—the first time being in 1794 and the second in 1839. In 1839 the deadlock was similar to the present one, and the seat remained vacant until 1841. Governor Comegys, who was the executive at the time, made no effort to fill the vacancy.

ABOUT HAWAII.

Population Less Than a Hundred Thousand—Capital Invested.

Washington, May 9.—The Hawaiian legation has received the annual blue book of Hawaii and the representatives of the various government branches. The blue book gives interesting tables of the latest statistics available. The population of the islands is 89,990, of which there are natives, 34,000; half-casts, 6,186; Hawaiian born foreigners, 7,500; Americans, 2,000; British, 1,300; Portuguese, 8,6000; Chinese, 15,300; Japanese, 12,300. Several nationalities represented in small numbers make up the remainder.

While the American population is small, its interests are great. There is $18,500,000 of American capital invested in sugar corporations, out of a total of $28,00,000. There is an investment of $25,000,000 of American capital in various enterprises, in a total of $36,000,000.

The Hawaiian export last year was almost entirely of sugar, of which there was a third of a billion pounds, valued at $10,200,000. All of this except an insignificant amount came to the United States.

The public debt of Hawaii is given at $3,417,459, and the assets from government lands, etc., $7,594,601.

During the last year Japanese immigration to Hawaii has increased, the excess of the arrivals of that class of persons over departures being 2,200. The Chinese and Portuguese are leaving the islands.

DOWN IN VENEZUELA.

Secret Charges Against Minister Hazelton—His Resignation Asked.

Washington, May 13.—Seneca Hazelton, minister to Venezuela, was asked for his resignation by Assistant Secretary of State Uhl. Secret charges have been preferred against Mr. Hazelton by Admiral Meade, which Secretary Gresham considers sufficient to require the removal of the minister.

Angered and displeased though the administration undoubtedly is with Admiral Meade, because of his severe criticisms of its foreign policy, and the charge he made that it was unAmerican, Mr. Cleveland has availed himself of Admiral Meade's report of Minister Seneca Hazelton's conduct in Venezuela, which will result in the appointment of a new man for that position.

It is stated by administrationists that the government will pursue an aggressive course in Venezuela, and prevent Great Britain from seizing territory that belongs to the South American republic. This is to be the policy, according to the cuckoos, that will restore the administration to a high place in popularity, and show the critics that it has done its duty thoroughly and deserves well of the country.

An American policy, it is said, will be pursued, and by this it is hoped to wipe out recollections of Hawaii and Nicaragua, and to prove that the charges of subserviency to England are unfounded.

It is now believed that there is necessity for immediate action in Venezuela, but friends of the administration say that when an aggressive demonstration is needed, Mr. Cleveland will not be found wanting.

HAZELTON MUST RESIGN.

He Strikes Back Viciously at Admiral Meade.

Washington, May 14.—A phase of the important pending question between England and Venezuela, in which the United States has intervened to ask arbitration, is involved in the demand of the state department for the resignation of United States Minister Hazelton, of Venezuela, on serious charges made by Admiral Meade.

Minister Hazelton is striking back at Admiral Meade. Says his charges were inspired by pique; that Admiral Meade violated rules of international etiquette at the time of the visit of his squadron in Venezuelan waters; that he gave out impressions that the visit had political significance; that Venezuelan officials knew better, and considered his action as patronizing and offensive to them; in other words, that Admiral Meade did not know his proper place, or keep it.

It is stated authoritatively that the intervention of Mr. Smalley will not avail anything in Mr. Hazelton's case, and at the state department it was said that Admiral Meade's charges were sustantiated by the testimony of all the officers with the admiral.

BERING SEIZURES.

The Commission Will Meet in October and Settle All Points.

Washington, May 14.—An arrangement has been effected between the United States and Great Britain in which October is set as the time for assembling at Washington of a commission to formulate a treaty as to claim of sealers on account of Bering sea seizures. Delegates will come from Canada to meet the authorities here.

The report coming from Victoria that the British government had vacated the sealing regulations because of the non-payment by the United States of the $425,000 claimed for seizures is said to be due to misapprehension. In view of the fact that the commission will meet in October to consider the seizures there would be, it is stated, no present ground of complaint for non-payment. Moreover it is learned that the request from Victoria is based on a misunderstanding of the word "sealing," which does not apply to the seal animals, but to the locks or seals by which implements used in sealing are locked up during the closed season.

From authoritative sources the substantial features of the text of the new British regulations have been secured. Last year a rule was made that sealers could go to Japan or other primate territory, where a British consul or other officer would seal up the ammunition, guns, etc., used in sealing. Vessels having their arms thus sealed up were allowed to remain in Bering sea during the closing season. They were not subject to search and seizure, as the seal on their arms was a guarantee that they were not capturing fur-bearing animals.

But the British admiralty has found this rule impracticable. In one case a ship master concealed arms and used them in the closed season, although he had another set of arms sealed up as a guarantee against inspection. In another case apparatus used for life saving was seized under the impression that it was for killing seals. Owing to these objections the British authorities have determined to abolish this one rule, but not all of them, and notice to that effect has been given. The effect of this is to make it unnecessary for the British vessels to go to Japan or elsewhere and have their arms sealed up during the closing season.

It is said, however, that this will not permit British ships to poach during the closed season. The law against this is in the British statute books in the same words as adopted by the Paris court of arbitration. The abolition of the rule will not, it is said, permit the violation of thelaw against the use of arms, etc., in the closed season.

British naval vessels will patrol the sea as usual, and the list of the patrol ships is daily expected.

ILL IN WASHINGTON.

Condition of Secretary Gresham and Gail Hamilton.

Washington, May 14.—The improvement in Secretary Gresham's condition continues. It is expected a week or more will elapse before the secretary is able to partake of more food. He seems to be slowly regaining his strength.

Brigadier-General Thomas Casey had an unfavorable day yesterday, suffering a great deal. He keeps his bed most of the time.

Miss Mary Dodge (Gail Hamilton) was reported to be resting quietly last night. The partial paralysis from which she is suffering, affects only her left side, and the recovery is slow. There has been no impairment of the mental faculties, and the mind is perfectly clear. No alarm is felt by the family concerning her condition.

CAN HAVE PLURAL WIVES.

Pine Ridge Indian Agent Takes the Part of American Horse.

Washington, May 11.—Special Agent Dickson, at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, has reported to the Indian office that American Horse, the well-known Sioux chief, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy, and released on bail pending trial.

The agent recommends that steps be taken to stop the proceedings. All the older chiefs have had several wives for forty years and more, and no one has ever dreamed of interfering before.

The arrest of American Horse is a part of a general plan to trump up cases against the Indians and secure fees for the United States deputy marshals who make the arrests.

PLANS FOR A FEDERATION.

Australian Colonies Seriously Considering a Union.

Washington, May 10.—Consul General Maratta at Melbourne, Australia, has furnished to the state department a long report upon the proposed federation of the Australian colonies. He says there is a marked sentiment for a union, and adds: "The objects of federation are usually based on the following considerations: First, to provire more powerful defense against enemies of the colonies; second, to secure a more economical form of gvernment; third, to stimulate advancement in the various industries.

A WOMAN'S BIBLE.

Various Noted Women of England and America Collaborating.

Chicago, May 13.—The Times-Herald this morning publishes a four column story about the new Woman's Bible now in the course of preparation. It says:

Woman, in the person of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, has laid her hand upon Genesis, the Exodus, Leviticus, the Psalms of David and the Songs of Solomon, the Scripture of Matthew and the word of the Acts, and is about to bring forth from them and their companion pieces a new Bible.

The revision, or new translation, is to be the woman's Bible. The version of the Bible addressed to the Most High and Mighty Prince James and the revision of the same, completed but a few years ago, leaves woman's position in the Scriptures, asserts Mrs. Stanton, far inferior to that of man. Deductively the creation of Adam before Eve was not an error of the Almighty but of the translator, who first attempted to give His word to the English-speaking races.

Mrs. Stanton's co-laborers, or apostles, in the preparation of the new work are named to include Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Frances Lord, Mrs. Stanton Blatch, who is Mrs. Stanton's daughter, and Mrs. Alice Scratchard, of England, and the following of America: Frances E. Willard, Rev. Phoebe Hanaford, Mrs. Robert Ingersoll, Rev. Olympia Brown, Ellen B. Ditrick, Frances E. Burr, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Sarah A. Underwood, Mary A. Livermore, Lillie D. Blake, Mrs. L. B. Chandler, Carrie Chapman, Carrie Chapman-Cat, Josephine K. Henry, C. A. F. Stebbins, Helen M. Gardner, Clara Bewick Colby and Mrs. E. B. Grannis.

Mrs. Chandler is to have the revision of the book of Timothy, wherein the lines run:

"But I suffer not woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

Matilda Gage will revise Matthew and Revelations, while Mrs. Stanton herself will edit, expurgate and interpolate Genesis. At her 80 years of age (she will celebrate that birthday in November) the task will be no light one. She hopes the book will be completed this year, and thinks it will contain about 400 pages.

In the cause of the New Woman Mrs. Stanton has felt that the worst foe to her advancement was the misconception of the present Bible as regards women. Slome of the advanced women of New York felt as Mrs. Stanton did, and joined with her in the preparation of a new version of the book of books. Mrs. Stanton was made head of the revision committee, which is of interpolate into sweeter phrase the ancient Syriac lines addressed to the mother of all men:

"I will greatly multiply thy sorrow: in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband; and he shall rule over thee."

OHIO MINERS' CONVENTION.

Persuaded by Ratchford to Abandon District Settlement.

Special Telegram to the Blade.

Massillon, O., May 14.—Of the 2,000 miners in Massillon district 1,407 were represented in the convention called to order on Monday. State President Blatchford was present and addressed the convention, advising its members to abandon the idea of taking action not in entire harmony with that of the state organization. After a prolonged discussion it was resolved to stand by the advice of President Ratchford until some conclusion should be reached which would apply to the entire state. Thereupon it was decided to call a mass meeting at which this decision will be presented for ratification. This meeting will be held on the rolling mill green on Wednesday morning. A similar meeting will be held at Wadsworth Thursday afternoon, and at Rogue's Hollow in the morning. The action of the convention is a tribute to the growing influence of State President Ratchford, as there had been a clearly defined sentiment in favor of accepting 60 cents in this district without regard to action elsewhere. Mr. Ratchford is very hopeful of securing a state settlement on a basis of not less than 60 cents.

GIBBONS ON PROHIBITION.

The Cardinal Favors High License and Many Other Restrictions.

Baltimore, May 9.—Cardinal Gibbons delivered an address before the Maryland state temperance alliance yesterday at Y. M. C. A. hall. The large audience included a great many clergymen not of the cardinal's religious belief.

His eminence begun by saying he was very glad to have an opportunity of meeting some of his separated brethren of the clergy on a common platform. "I do not think prohibition can be seriously considered in our large cities," said the cardinal, "for prohibition does not prohibit in large communities."

The remedial measures suggested by the cardinal were: High license, restricting the number of saloons in each district or ward, no saloon should be allowed to be opened within a certain proximity to a church or school house; that the good name of the applicant for a license should be vouched for by a republican and a democrat; liquor should be regulated by judicious legislation; absolute closing of the saloons on the Lord's day.

The cardinal added that all legislation, to be effective, must be backed by the moral suport of the people.

M'KINLEY AND EVANS.

Tennessee Republicans Want This Ticket Nominated.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 11.—The action of the Democratic legislature in declaring Peter Turney governor, in spite of the fact that Henry Clay Evans was elected on the face of the returns, has stirred up the Republicans of the state. Already a boom for Evans for Vice President, the Republican cry being "McKinley and Evans for '96." As Evans is one of the most popular men in this state, and there is a feeling even among Democrats that he has been unfairly treated, it is believed he could carry Tennessee for the Republicans.

WHAT D'YOU THINK!

Even North Carolina Democrats Are Leaving the Party.

Asheville, N. C., May 10.—Ex-Solicitor Eugene D. Carter, one of the most prominent Democrats in North Carolina, to-day published a letter in the State Register withdrawing from the Democratic party and announcing his affiliation with the Republican party. The letter has created a sensation.

STUFFED PAY ROLLS.

Chicago Robbed of a Million in the Department of Public Works.

Chicago, May 10.—Frauds of the grossest nature in the pay rolls of the department of public work have been uncovered by Commissioner Kent. Dead men, the commissioner says, have been enrolled as laborers, and their names forged to time checks. It is estimated that a million dollars has been stolen from the city in this manner.

Cuticura

FOR THE HAIR and SKIN

A warm shampoo with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use effect a permanent cure.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels or other glands or mucous membranes.

STOPS PAIN

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Officers Prominent in Both Armies Will Attend.

Chicago, May 14.—A notable reunion of the Blue and Gray will take place when the Confederate monument at Oakwoods, is dedicated on Memorial Day.

Officers who were prominent in the armies both of the North and the South will be present, and will do their utmost to make the occasion memorable. Several carloads of flowers will be sent from the Southern states to decorate the graves of the 6,000 Confederate soldiers who are buried at Oakwoods.

The expense of entertaining the visitors will be borne by subscriptions raised among some of Chicagos leading citizens. Every effort will be made to have this greatest meeting of officers of the armies of the North and the South that has ever occurred.

Lieutenant General Scofield, commanding the army of the United States, with his staff and family, are expected to be present. Lieutenant General Wade Hampton will be the orator of the occasion. Postmaster General Wm. Wilson, Solicitor General Holmes Conrad, Brigadier General D. W. Flagler, chief of ordinance, United States army, and a great many army officers will also attend.

The South will be represented by General John B. Gordon, commanding the Federation of United Confederate Veterans; Lieutenant James Longstreet, Lieutenant General Alexander P. Stewart, Major General Fitzhugh Lee and others. Mayor Swift will occupy the chair at the exercises and offer the freedom of the city to the visitors.

TO KILL TOM REED.

Citizens Think Cranks Had Planned to End the Ex-Speaker's Life.

Portland, Maine, May 14.—This city is excited to-day over the discovery of evidence which leads the police and many citizens to believe that same crank planned to blow up the residences of Hon. Thomas B. Reed and Major Benjamin Baxter.

While patrolling Deering street last night near the Reed and Baxter houses, Peter McCormick found an envelope on the sidewalk containing three vials filled with a dark yellow fluid and wrapped in cotton batting. Pinned inside the envelope was a slip of paper on which was some writing in an unknown tongue, resembling a combination of Greek and Armenian. There was nothing in English except "M. Baxter, Fev 13, A. O. U. I. 22, 23, M. Reed, Morrise L. Morsrow."

It was at first thought that the mysterious package had been placed on the walk by some joker, but when a druggist pronounced the fluid in the vials to be nitro-glycerine, the police began to look at the matter seriously.

The entire police force has begun an investigation.

SECRET POLITICAL ORDER.

Knights of Protection Has Entered the Field in the East.

Jersey City, May 14.—A meeting, preliminary to the organization of an assembly of the Knights of Protection, was held last night in Roch's Hall. Congressman George L. Wellington, of Pennsylvania, delivered the most extended address.

The American Knights of Protectiin is a new patriotic fraternal association, whose declared objects are the promotion of the doctrine of protection, restriction of foreign immigration, the purity of the ballot, the defense of the school system and the cultivation of patriotism, beneficial certificates of from $500 to $2,000 are optional to members. William H. Potts presided. Mr. Wellington spoke chiefly on protection. An assembly will be organized here at once.

WILL DEBATE WITH "COIN."

Prof. Laughlin Will Enter the Arena Against the Silver Champion.

Chicago, May 14.—W. H. Harvey, otherwise known as "Coin," is to have his wish. The Illinois club is arranging to bring him and a gold standard man together within short-arm distance. Prof. J. L. Laughlin, of Chicago University, was the heavy weight among the gold men picked out to meet "Coin" in the currency ring, and he gave his consent yesterday. He did not wish to enter the contest until it was decided whether or not the proposed match between him and ex-Congressman Bryan, of Nebraska, was to take place. As that was at last declared off, Prof. Laughlin agreed to face "Coin."

The contest will take place in the rooms of the Illinois club. The time has not been definitely fixed as yet, but it will probably be next Monday evening.

BORN ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

"Pike's Peak" Taggart Reaches the World at a Great Height.

Colorado Springs, Col., May 14.—Dr. Christopher, of Colorado Springs, was conveyed Sunday by a special train to the summit of Pike's Peak, the occasion being the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. John Taggart. Mr. Taggart is foreman of the Manitou and Pike's Peak Cog Road, and for a month past has lived in a section house located a mile and a half above timber line, at an altitude of 12,000 feet above the sea.

This is the first recorded birth at so great an elevation in the Rocky Mountains, and probably on this continent. The youngster weighs ten pounds and has evidently come to stay. The train boys have named him Pike's Peak Taggart.

GROVER'S NOT SO GREEN.

He Isn't Sending Checks to Families With Plural Births.

Washington, May 8.—The report that President Cleveland had sent a draft of $500 to a family in Decatur, Ind., on the occasion of the birth of triplets which were named for the President's household was pronounced to be without foundation at the White House.

The families where births occur and where the President has been notified that they bear his name or the names of his family receive a courteous letter of acknowledgment, but no checks.

REPUBLICANS WON BOTH.

Comptroller Eckels Proof of New York and Chicago Elections.

Washington, May 11.—Hon. J. H. Eckels, the comptroller of the currency, was the principal speaker at the annual meeting last night of the civil service reform association. In his address, Mr. Eckels heartily endorsed the civil service idea. Mr. Eckels instanced the election in New York and Chicago, where cleanliness in politics as applied to the candidates was the chief consideration.

World's Record Lowered.

San Francisco, May 13.—Frank M. Bryne, Imperial Bicycle club, has broken the world's record for five miles. He made it in 12:13 1-5. He started from scratch in a five mile handicap road race and finished fifteenth. J. F. Edwards, another scratch man, rode the distance in 12.17 3-5. The previous record was 12:15.

Money, Crops, Trade.

IRON TRADE REVIEW.

Wage Struggle at Hand and Era of Lowest Prices at an End.

Cleveland, May 9.—The Iron Trade Review this week will say: Increased labor cost is the main factor in calculations as to the immediate future of the iron trade. Furnace men in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys, who produce the bulk of the Bessemer iron that goes upon the general market, have had a succession of strikes the past week. The Newcastle trouble was settled by giving the men an increase. Other valley furnaces voluntarily granted ten cents a day advance, which Mahoning valley furnace employes accepted. In the Shenango valley strikes were started for an additional advance of ten cents. One furnace yielded and the prospect is that by the time all are running again the labor cost of a ton of pig iron will be from fifteen to twenty cents higher than it was a week ago.

The increased cost of making valley iron has made Bessemer firmer and $10.25 at furnace or $10.90 at Pittsburg has been refused. Little business has been done at any figure. Steel billets show little activity, but mills are firm in the main at $15.50.

The week just ending has done more than any other to convince the few remaining skeptics that the day of lowest prices is at an end. There is no evidence as yet that furnaces kept out of blast by the low prices are preparing to resume. The advance is not enough to be tempting.

A wage struggle that is already entering into calculations for the third quarter of the year is that which will follow the Amalgamated association's scale meeting in Cleveland. There are evidences that the campaign for the restoration of prosperity wages is to be very much overdone.

THE MERCANTILE REPORTS.

Bradstreet's Notes an Improvement in Financial Circles.

New York, May 11.—R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade says: The week is the demoralization of foreign exchange caused by enormous sales of bonds abroad. Besides a sale of $10,000,000 Manhattan and other railroad bonds through the syndicate, large purchases on foreign account have been recorded for some weeks, so that the aggregate probably exceeds $50,000,000 since the sale of the governments. Safety for the summer means much for all business, and the syndicate deems it so fully assured that it distributes 40 per cent of the money advanced by the associates, which leaves a large amount to stimulate operations in securities. Crop prospects, also, had greatly improved, and this is of still higher importance, as it will do much to determine the character and volume of all business after summer uncertainties are over. In addition business is reviving though the great industries are retarded by strikes.

Sales of wheat for the week have been 34,000,000 bushels against 95,000,000 the previous week, and 81,000,000 the week before, and the sales of cotton, 542,000 bales against 1,046,000 the previous week, and 1,192,000 the week before. But Thursday brought new activity. Wheat had fallen 2 1-2c, but rose 2c that day. Western receipts are 1,467,169 bushels against 1,261,764 last year, and Atlantic exports of flour included 1,615,051 bushels against 2,214,041 last year. In three weeks since the rise in wheat, the exports have been 5,160,121 bushels against 7,849,971 last year. Pork has fallen 25c per barrel, lard 20 and hogs 30 cents per hundred pounds. Cotton is lower, and receipts in spite of bad predictions of great decline, still exceed those of 1892. The industries were distinctly gaining when the strikes began, which have spread quite widely.

Sales of wool for the week are less than in 1892, but larger than in the past two years, though prices do not rise. Rather more demand appears for men's woolens, but cancellations are also more numerous, and imports of woolen goods with withdrawals from warehouses were about $19,000,000 in the first quarter of the year against $5,000,000 last year. Cotton goods continue strong, mills being well employed, and they hold heavy stocks of raw cotton bought at low prices. The failures this week have been 227 in the United States against 206 last year, and 34 in Canada against 42 last year.

Buying American Stocks.

New York, May 11.—Bradstreet's financial review to-day says: London seems to have caught the bullish fever. The American department has been the speculative feature in the market, and the heavy buying here for foreign account gives the effective support to the present advance of values. On Wall street, New York July corn opened at 51 1-4c, fell to 50 5-8c, and steadied to 50 3-4c. At New York July corn opened at 56 1-8c, and closed at 56 1-8c bid.

Prices of wheat to-day:

May	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	69	69	68½	68½
Chicago	64¾	64¾	64¼	64¼
St. Louis	67½	67½	66¾	66¾
July—				
Toledo	67¼	67½	66¾	66¾
Chicago	65¾	65¾	64¾	65
New York	69¼	69¾	68¾	69
St. Louis	64¾	64¾	63¾	64½

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday cash wheat is about unchanged; May, ¼c off; July, ¼c lower, and August unchanged. Trade was active for deferred months. Prime red wheat, cash, 68c; No. 2 soft red wheat, 68c; No. 3 soft red, 67c; May wheat, 68c, then 68¼c; June, 68c; July, 67¾c, and finally 66¾c; August, 66¾c, and then 66¾c.

Corn—Dull, Firm.

Corn sold light; prices steady but firm; No. 2 soft red, cash and May, 51½c; No. 4 corn, 48c; No. 3 yellow, 51½c.

Oats steady; No. 2 mixed, 31c; No. 2 white, 33c.

Rye dull; No. 2, 67½c.

Clover seed dull, steady; prime, cash, $5.80; October, nominally, $5.20.

F. N. Quale reports streets prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 55c; No. 2 white wheat, 58c; corn, 48c; oats, mixed, 31c; white, 33c; rye, 55c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade was slow this morning. Butter is in fair stock and dull. Eggs are wanted at prices given. Potatoes have a downward tendency. Vegetables more plentiful. In dressed meats hogs are held at best figures. Poultry in demand.

Butter—Dairy, fine quality 14@15c; best Ohio and western creamery, 13@20c; fair grades, 12@13c.

Eggs—Fresh, 11½@12c.

Vegetables, mushrooms, lb, 10@15c; rhubarb, doz, 12@15c; vegetable oysters, doz, 25c; bunch onions, doz, 7@8c; spinach, bu, 35@40c; lettuce, lb, 6@7c; beans, hand-picked medium, $1 70@1 75; hand-picked marrow, $2 20@2 25; unpicked country, $1 00@1 50; cucumbers, doz, 75@80c; dried apples, sun-dried, 4@4½c; evaporated, 5½@6c; peaches, sun-dried, 5@6c; evaporated, 7@8c; cabbages, new Florida, crate, $4 50@5 00; asparagus, lb, 6@7c; potatoes, bu, 50@60c; car lots on track, 35@38c; beets, bu, 40c; carrots, bu, 20c; parsnips, bu, 30c; onions, bu, old, 40c; new Bermudas, crate, $1 75; Egyptian, crate, $1 25; setts, 75c@$1 00.

Timothy Seed—According to quality, $2 00@2 70.

Straw—$4 00@4 50.

Hay—Timothy, $9 00@9 50; clover, $8 00.

Corn—Ear, 46c per bu; shelled, bu, 44c.

Mill Feed—Bran, $17 00; middlings, $18 00; shorts, $17 00.

Flour—Spring wheat patents, $4 00; winter wheat patents, $3 00.

Fruits—Apples, bu, $2 50@3 50; oranges, box, $2 00@2 50; pineapples, doz, $1 50@3 50; strawberries, quart, 10@15c; lemons, box, $3 50@4 00.

Oil Meal—Old process, per ton, $30 00.

Wool—Unwashed, fine, 12c; washed, 15@16c; tallow, 4½@4¾c.

Hides—Green, heavy, 6c; light, 5½c; cured, heavy, 7c; light, 6½c; calf skins, lb, 10c; dry salted, 10½c; bulls and No. 2's, 4c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs, $5 00; beef, lb, 4½@5½c; calves, 5½@6c; mutton, lb, 6@7c; spring lambs, lb, 10c.

Salt Meats—Mess pork, $12 50; mess, $11 50; short clear, $13 50; hams, sugar-cured, lb, 9@10c; breakfast bacon, 9½c; shoulders, 6c.

Poultry—Chickens, lb, dressed, 10c; old fowls, 8c; turkeys, dressed, 11@12c; ducks, 10c; capons, 12½@14c.

Petroleum and Products—Prime white Ohio state test, 7½c; water white, 8c; solver light, 7½c; headlight, 150 test, 9½c; cocoine, 12c; gasoline, 73 naptha, 10½c; stove gasoline, 12c; blue blaze, 9c.

Oils—Linseed, raw, car lots, per gallon, 37; old process, car lots, 39c; in barrel lots, 40c; boiled oil, 42c per gallon; lard oil, extra W. S., 51c; extra No. 1, 37c; No. 1 oil, 37c; No. 2, 32@33c; neatsfoot, extra, 46c; No. 1, 40c.

Grain and Produce.

New York, May 14.—Butter—Receipts, 5,812 pkgs; market steady; western dairy, 7@11c; western creamery, 11@17c; Elgins, 17c. Eggs—Receipts, 8,771 pkgs; market steady; western, 10½@11c. Sugar—Raw strong; centrif